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SPECIAL FEATURES

The Buried Secret of Bruton Churchyard
By ALBERT STUART OTTO

Shakespeare and Gray's Inn
By C. M. PENISTON-BIRD

Did Francis Bacon Die in 1626?
By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Ben Jonson and The Shakespeare Plays
By 'MERCURY'

Editor's Comments **Correspondence**

The Francis Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED)

PRESIDENT:

MR. SYDNEY WOODWARD

THE objects of the Society are as follows:

1. To encourage study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, statesman, lawyer, and poet; his character, genius, activities, and life; his influence on his own and succeeding centuries as also the tendencies and effects of his work.

2. To encourage study in favour of his authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shaksper of Stratford, and to investigate his connection with other works of the period.

3. To influence and educate the public as far as possible by publicity methods available, to recognise the wisdom and genius as contained in his works admitted or secret and his great philosophical qualities which apply to all times.

Annual Subscription: By members who receive without further payment one copy of BACONIANA, the Society's quarterly magazine (post free), and who are entitled to vote at the Annual General Meeting, one guinea.

The subscription for full members in U.S.A. is $4 per annum, who receive as mentioned one copy of BACONIANA, post free.

All subscriptions are payable on January 1st.

Those joining later in the year are entitled to receive the back numbers of that year to date, on receipt of subscription.

All communications and applications for Membership should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at the office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Tel. Kni. 1020.

It facilitates election if those desirous of joining the Society could mention the name or names of any present member who may be personally known to them.

Mrs. Manly Palmer Hall, of Los Angeles

Until her recent marriage to the well-known Rosicrucian authority, as Marie Bauer, she was the heroine of the search for Bacon relics in Bruton Churchyard, Williamsburg, Va.

BACONIANA

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COMMENTS

THE search for buried treasure always gives a thrill to the world, and what hidden treasure could be more priceless than the lost Bacon manuscripts? Their discovery would also solve once and for all the controversy which has continued for a period getting on towards a century. It is now over twelve years since Marie Bauer—now recently become the wife of Mr. Manly P. Hall, of Los Angeles, California, an outstanding authority on the Rosicrucians and other forms of philosophy—was suddenly and inexplicably prevented by the Rockefeller Trust from opening a tomb she had tracked down at Williamsburg, Va., after having previously been given the facilities. At the time the American press was full of the subject. The closing down of her search remains yet a mystery.

* * *

She claimed to have discovered, from certain cryptic indications, that prior to 1635, most valuable papers, manuscripts and Shakespearean originals, were brought from England to Virginia and were buried under Jamestown tower. Nathaniel Bacon, when aged about twenty, brought the papers first, but in 1674, then presumably in his sixtieth year, removed them from Jamestown to Middle Plantation, where they were deposited in a vault under the foundations of the new brick church then being built at Bruton. A later church was erected near-by in 1715, which still exists, and there was no knowledge or memory of the earlier building until Marie Bauer traced it by her records and found what she claimed was the tomb she sought. Then the frustration set in. Our American members have pressed us to deal with the subject before, but we had to acquire the aid of a trustworthy representative who could present a clear outline of the puzzle of this tomb pro and con. We have to thank Mr. Albert Stuart Otto most cordially for his aid. He is a highly trained journalist of New York and in addition a lecturer on various subjects, who gives talks to audiences throughout the United States. He knows the subject of the buried secret of Bruton Churchyard thoroughly, and has lectured on it.

* * *

We are at present over here mystified to identify the Nathaniel Bacon said to be buried at Bruton Church. Mr. R. L. Eagle, who has read a proof of the article, remarks that according to the inscription stated to be on a slab inside the church tower, this Nathaniel

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is always pleased to consider articles for publication on subjects of interest to readers of the Magazine. Such should be addressed to the care of the Office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7, with a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

died in March 1692, aged 72. "The only Nathaniel Bacon I can trace who settled in Virginia," he writes, "was born about 1642 and died there in 1676. Details of his exciting life in Virginia are given in 'Strange News from Virginia; being an account of the Life of Nathaniel Bacon, Esq.' London, printed for Wm. Harris, 1677. He was a son of Thomas Bacon, of Friston Hall, Suffolk, and was descended from a younger branch of the great Bacon family. He emigrated to Virginia and settled on the plantation of Curles in the upper part of the James River. Mr. Otto says of the slab in the Church that 'according to local history this tombstone was found on Bacon's farm, Kingsmill, on the James River and later removed to the Church'. It is difficult to believe," adds Mr. Eagle, "that there were two Nathaniel Bacons settled at the same time on plantations by the James River."

* * *

Marie Bauer, in this search, set great store by George Wither's *Collection of Emblems*, published in 1635. The plates were originally engraved for the Emblems of Rollenhagus, and had previously appeared with mottoes in Greek, Latin, or Italian in Cologne 1613 and Arnheim 1616. The plates it is said were purchased by Henry Taunton, a London publisher, with a view to re-issue. Wither was employed by Taunton to write illustrative verses in English. However, the Bruton Churchyard mystery remains and we should be interested to learn why the Rockefeller Trust clamped down on Marie Bauer's excavation of an admitted vault in the body of the original church. It is said that originally the Rockefeller Trust erected the Folger Shakespearean Library in Washington, also it is commonly reputed that Stratford obtained most of its capital from the same source, and here it seems to have clamped down on Marie Bauer. I suppose an oil magnate can legally throw his dollars around to bolster up a fraud as at Stratford, or prevent honest research which might give the world the truth, but morally it is surely reactionary to a degree.

* * *

Coming to ourselves, in my previous "Comments" I may have been slightly misinformed respecting the distinguished Lawrence family, of whom Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence was the outstanding Baconian in the first two decades of this century. He was the youngest son of Alderman William Lawrence, of the City of London, and the Alderman's two elder sons, Sir William Lawrence, Kt., and Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., both became successively Lord Mayor of London, the elder in 1863, the younger in 1868. Sir James was the father of Miss Durning-Lawrence, who has been a member of the Francis Bacon Society, almost all her life and to-day is one of our respected Vice-Presidents. The Lawrence family come from Cornwall, respecting whom a book was written ("The Lawrences of Cornwall"). Sir Edwin became a member of the Society in 1903 and from 1909 its President. Much of his energy was devoted to the exposition and defence of the Baconian claims. He was first attracted to the subject

after reading Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram" (1888), and realising that a complete investigation of the problem was impossible without first-hand consultation of the original editions relating to Bacon, he devoted himself to their collection, now in London University, to which members of our Society are privileged to visit by a permit.

* * *

It might justly be said that Sir Edwin died for the Baconian cause. He was giving a lecture, and declaimed,

"Bacon! Thou world's wonder!
Deare Sonne of Memorie, great Heire of Fame
What need'st Thou such dull witnesse of thy Name
That thy hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starre-y pointed Pyramid?—
A Beacon, a Bacon—to tell us that thy Hallow'd Reliques,
Th' immortal Plays known as Shakespeare's
Were written not by the householder of Stratford, but by
Thee!"

As he gave utterance to these words, delivered full of meaning, and as his audience rose to applaud him, he collapsed and fell backwards in a dead faint. A few days later he passed on. What would we not give for such intellectual giants now!

* * *

Cambridge University looms in our news in two subjects, neither of which appear to do it particular credit. It seems, from information from Mr. William Kent, a fine lecturer and highly experienced, that some time in February, in the hall of Trinity College, he gave a talk to the undergraduates and propounded his gospel that Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, wrote Shakespeare. Mr. John Brophy, contended for the orthodox Shakespeare of Stratford, "Gentleman of Stratford," being the title of his novel, but a considerable misnomer let us mention in passing, for "gentleman" was the last descriptive word in Elizabethan days to describe a man of peasant origin and of no education whatsoever. Mr. William Kent, obtained 27 votes for his Oxfordian views, as against the Stratfordian 24. Bacon, who did not enter into the argument, nevertheless obtained 16 votes and there were 14 "don't knows." Shades of Francis Bacon, when one recalls that Trinity was his college! Who can congratulate the undergraduates of Trinity College, when they open their Hall to two protagonists of usurping factions to cheat their brother Collegiate, that great benefactor, playwright and poet, of his true deserts?

* * *

It appears, from a letter of Mr. John Brophy, in the *Daily Telegraph*, that the real vote against his "Gentleman from Stratford" was for an unspecified "someone else," and he hinted that the audience was noisy and light-hearted, in other words took neither lecturer very seriously. Mr. Brophy allows himself to sneer at the Oxfordian suggestion that those who agree with them have to believe that de Vere wrote 36 plays and numerous poems within a period of twelve

years, that he wrote "the youthfully romantic *Venus and Adonis*, and *Love's Labour Lost*, when he was well on in his forties and some of the later tragedies posthumously." It is not possible to examine all the arguments from the Oxfordians, advanced admittedly with skill by Messrs. Allen and Kent on behalf of their champion, but they are always up against the stone-wall fact that de Vere, Earl of Oxford, died in 1604, that is to say nineteen years before the First Folio appeared of Shakespeare's works, including twenty for the first time printed, and six among them never heard of before. Moreover, in the opinion of experts, *The Tempest* was written very late, as also *Henry VIII*. Aldis Wright, whose essay is to be found in the Cambridge edition of the Plays (Vol. v, p.xvi) says that the author of *Richard III* must have been alive in 1623 or thereabouts. Other authorities have claimed that Shakespeare's last play was *Timon of Athens*, and represents in poetic guise Bacon's own experience of desertion and meanness after his fall and part of those he had befriended in his days of prosperity. That intelligent and educated persons should put up the Earl of Oxford as Shakespeare is incomprehensible to those acquainted with the history and dates of the Plays, and the character of Oxford himself.

* * *

We must have another tilt against Cambridge, if not against the University, against its well-known journal *The Cambridge Review*. Some little time back it published a critique of Alfred Dodd's *Personal Life Story* (Vol. I) which seemed contemptuous and unfair. Here is a work of 382 pages, painstakingly collected and given with full authorities. The whole review was violently inimical and revealed both bigotry and ignorance throughout, and of that character which too many critics employ who are enabled thus to damage an author's reputation for good and all, just as, on a bigger scale, Macaulay was able to damage Bacon's, on false grounds. This critic, who transpired to be a woman, and who, I later learnt, was an Hon. Graduate of the University in history, completing a Ph.D. thesis on the "Scientific Attitude of Sir Francis Bacon," seized on a minor slip relating to Copernicus and Galileo as a whip with which to beat the dog! With such a proof of inaccuracy who could believe the writer was the inference! The review did not give the reader any insight into the outstanding principle of the work at all, so that after reading it one is told that "he has produced a fantastic colossus, with scarcely a grain of sure evidence in its composition"; or "the work is a barren masterpiece of Baconian exegesis . . familiar myths which give to serious students of Bacon so many pleasant hours of relaxation", being merely ill-natured opinions. Before a critic becomes so free with abusive terms and contemptuous phrases he or she should present some evidence in support of such contentions. There is too much of this abusive type of reviewer, who knows little of the subject in question, and it becomes merely ignorant pertness.

* * *

Be that as it may such an attitude ill becomes members of Cam-

bridge University. If a student is completing a thesis on the scientific attitude of Sir Francis Bacon—a very wide-spread subject admittedly —why must the critic splutter with indignation because Baconians, who may be surely given the credit of probing closely into every aspect of Francis Bacon's manifold aims and activities for over sixty-five years, claim that he was the legitimate elder son of Queen Elizabeth, that he was responsible for the works of Shakespeare, Spenser and others; and that he created the modern rituals of Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry? In the last sixty-five years many learned and famous scholars on the subject, many of whose names are household words, have written books, articles, and delivered lectures on these aspects to considerable audiences. The orthodox believers are by no means always right, and in fact they are frequently completely at sea. Yet one might expect that if there be any prejudice pro or con at Cambridge, it would lean rather towards the claims made on behalf of Bacon, and not the reverse. Not only was Bacon educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, but he represented the University in Parliament over many years. Cambridge in fact owes it to his memory many think to set up a thorough and unprejudiced examination into the whole life, career, and work of her greatest son.

* * *

"T.V. Digs Out the Missing Years in the Life of Shakespeare," announced Mr. Robert Cannell, in a display article in the *Daily Express* (March 20), to attempt to arouse the enthusiasm of some of that journal's four million readers. The writer declared that "Scholars—working like detectives adding clue to clue—believe they have jig-sawed together the seven blank years in the life of William Shakespeare." The "T.V. cameras are to peer back through the haze of 400 years to show 2,000,000 T-Viewers what scholars claim to be the long-lost secrets." Naturally we pricked up our ears and read on greedily. It then transpired that what the T.V. Live Wires had tumbled across was "a grubby, heavily annotated copy of Hall's Chronicles," a further study of the "crabbed writing" along its margins, and its origin was traced to the library of Rufford Old Hall, near Ormskirk, Lancashire. "There is a legend in the district," continues the writer, "that William Shakespeare once lived at Rufford Old Hall": and the experts became more and more excited to find passages "roughly in the style and language of the printed Shakespearean plays."

* * *

Thereupon the T.V. "scholars" devised a new early career for the Stratford idol, who, they believe, was sent to Rufford Old Hall as a "singing boy" in order to give him a good education. When his voice broke he became an actor and reasons will be given why he wandered south into Shropshire (if he did!) and wrote a number of plays and poems not far from the Wrekin. "If it's true", concludes the writer, "it destroys at once the Baconian theory—that Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam (*sic.*) wrote the poems and plays published under Shakespeare's name." We unrepentant Baconians can

identify the copy of Hall's *Chronicles*, which is owned by Mr. Alan Keen, and was exhibited a few years ago. The book was published in 1550 and the annotations are against certain historical reigns dramatised by Shakespeare, who is known to have referred to Hall. The handwriting, however, in the copy is neat and proves that the author was a scholar. Bacon's handwriting was famed for its neatness and clarity, as Heminge and Condell, the Editors of the 1623 Folio, stated, "His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

On the other hand the evidence exists in the six extant "signatures" of Shaksper that he could not even sign his name, these six being scrawls, almost impossible to decipher, and differing in the use of the name itself. They have been proclaimed as the work of various lawyer's clerics by certain dots as was customary if the principal could not write. If the T.V. scholars wish to be truthful they should attribute the marginal notes in Hall's *Chronicles* to Francis Bacon who frequently annotated passages in this manner. To fictionise the Stratfordian as the writer will bring T.V. into utter contempt. Alternatively we suggest they T.V. the six Shaksper signatures with the other writing. We shall be pleased to give them a copy of these.

* * *

The present Government's ewe lamb, the Festival of London, whose cost has mounted up to the stupendous sum of £10,000,000, and perhaps more yet, proposes, we understand, to run a special Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, and already a proudly-named special train is to be labelled "William Shakespeare." In addition a number of guides are undergoing special training for the purpose of conducting tourist parties to the sights of London and other places, including, it is understood, Stratford. In this case no doubt the guides will have to perjure themselves by proclaiming the so-called "birthplace," when the charge for admission has been raised from 1s. to 1s. 6d, and it is expected will gain about £10,000. The house in which Shaksper lived for the last years of his life was pulled down in 1759, and the site finally selected as "the most likely abode" was in Henley Street. Will Shaksper—but never the poet—was probably born in Greenhill Street. Anne Hathaway's Cottage is another fabrication, and there are in addition various spurious relics. We expect many Americans over here this summer, and not a few are well aware of the fraudulent claims of Stratford, many being members of this Society. As Americans are not backward in denouncing fraud, it will be awkward if they pitch leading questions to the guides, who ought to be well paid for the risk they undertake!

* * *

Among our Book Bargains in this issue we are offering a few copies of Alfred Dodd's work *Francis Bacon's Personal Life Story*," (Vol. 1) which takes the reader up to the death of Queen Elizabeth, published at 30s., but which we are privileged to sell to our readers at 25s. There is a rather sad story to be told of Mr. Dodd, than whom no man

living has shown greater devotion to his hero. Over two years ago he was struck down with paralysis, just as he had completed his life's work with his second volume, the two together offering the most complete and comprehensive life with new discoveries since Spedding, Hepworth Dixon and a host of Victorians wrote nearly a century ago. During last Autumn he was taken to hospital after a second stroke, his life being despaired of, but lately we are pleased to say that he has improved in health to the surprise of all. His brain is not affected. The "tonic," it would seem, was that a lady member of the Francis Bacon Society, and an admirer of Dodd's painstaking work and genius, discovered by chance that before his publishers could contemplate publishing his second volume, they required a considerable sum to be found toward the estimated cost of production, owing to the great rise in cost of printing and paper. With unexampled generosity this lady made a most generous contribution but even so we, who are anxious to see Dodd's second volume appear, still require about £250 to complete the gap. Some may be made up by Dodd who offers to forego his royalties, but he is a poor man with a wife, and if we can obtain from Baconians or other admirers any donations they can afford in these hard times, we shall gratefully acknowledge them in our next issue. Those who have been privileged to read his MS. (as was the present writer), agree in believing the work will become a classic. Amounts large or small will be greatly welcome and be acknowledged.

* * *

While on the subject of books, may we draw the attention of readers at home and abroad, to a few new Book Bargains, besides Dodd's, *Personal Life Story*, 25s. (postage 1s. extra)? We offer the late Dr. W. S. Melsome s *Bacon-Shakespeare Anatomy* for 9s. 6d. (postage 6d.) aconsiderable reduction from 15s. 6d., its former price. This work is invaluable to all Baconian scholars requiring to find analogies between Bacon's admitted works and Shakespeare. Also on offer at a large reduction is Comyns Beaumont's *The Private Life of the Virgin Queen*, which gives an inside light on Queen Elizabeth's life in relation to Francis Bacon, Essex and Leicester, in which both the word and Bi-literal Cyphers are largely utilised and explained. This is reduced from 16s. to 9s. 6d. (postage 6d.). The late Miss Mabel Sennett's *His Erring Pilgrimage* a brilliant analysis of *As You Like It*, hitherto 6s. is offered for 4s. 2d. including postage. There remains the residue of our previous bargains, *The Manes Verulamiani*, 30s.; *Francis Bacon's Cypher Signatures* by Frank Woodward, 25s. (postage 1s.), a few of Dodd's *Sonnet Diary*, 7s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Also recently published is Mrs. Beryl Pogson's *In the East My Pleasure Lies*, an esoteric analysis of certain of Shakespeare's Plays, 9s. All these books are worth while to students of the period, and many so far advertised have sold well. The sales also assist our expenditure, which largely exceeds present income.

THE EDITOR

THE BURIED SECRET OF BRUTON CHURCHYARD

by ALBERT STUART OTTO

WHEN Maria Baeur and Manly Palmer Hall were united in marriage recently, an association of many years was happily culminated.

Known to her friends as Marie, Mrs. Hall was born in Germany as Maria Schweikert and was educated at a Catholic convent. Arriving in America as a young lady, she strayed from the orthodox teachings of her religious background and became interested in metaphysics. She tells the story of her introduction to the realm of philosophy in this way:

"I was in Pennsylvania Station in New York City, where I made the discovery that I had a couple of hours to wait for a train. Being a stranger in town, I inquired as to how I might profitably spend the time. Someone suggested that I attend a lecture by Manly P. Hall, which was just due to begin. I knew nothing of Mr. Hall, but for want of any more appealing ideas I decided to go. When I arrived at the auditorium, the lecture was already in progress."

The lecture, it turned out, was on Francis Bacon. Marie was captivated from the outset. She sat there entranced, wide-eyed, mouth agape. In the days that followed, the information she had heard kept revolving in her mind. She had to learn more. There were other lectures, and books and articles which she read avidly. Marie was rapidly on her way to becoming an ardent Baconian.

Mr. Hall returned to his headquarters in Los Angeles, while Marie, remaining in the east, subsequently became Mrs. George Bauer. But in 1938 the Bauers moved to California, and Marie began attending lectures again.

Because of her native knowledge of German, Marie was employed by Mr. Hall for a translation project in which he was then engaged. She came each morning to the Library of the Philosophical Research Society, of which Mr. Hall is director.

A word about this library. Though relatively small, it houses a fabulous collection of rare volumes, documents, artifacts and memorabilia from all over the world. A veteran traveller, Mr. Hall has personally collected a wealth of material from Asia and the Middle East, Europe, the Americas and other portions of the globe. His interests are varied, running a gamut of subjects from comparative religion to the philosophy of modern science. But his forte is the ancient world. Mr. Hall is perhaps the outstanding living authority on the philosophy and religious beliefs of antiquity, and the interpretation of legendry and symbolism.

On the evidence he has accumulated of secret doctrines ("ancient mysteries," they are sometimes called) among many peoples in many times and places, Mr. Hall bases a belief that much of this esoteric teaching survives in the present age. An extremely difficult problem

of sifting wheat from chaff presents itself here, for the crackpottery of the lunatic fringe have long preached and claimed direct lineage from the prophets of old and the secret teachings of the world's enlightened. Inevitably the credulous, the miracle-anticipants and the panacea-seekers are attracted by such ideas, and it is often difficult indeed to discern the pseudo from the genuine. By and large, a fairly safe indicator seems to be the degree of onbtrusiveness which attends such activities. As Mr. Hall stated in a lecture on the Rosicrucians, "We have never been able to find the mystical order of the Rosy Cross. Many volumes have been written on it, but not one of the authors of the more than one thousand books and tracts ever admitted that he had seen a Rosicrucian, and no one ever claimed to be a member of it except someone who obviously was not."

In 1928 Mr. Hall published one of the masterpieces of twentieth century graphic art in the form of a massive volume entitled: *An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, Cabbalistic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy, Being an Interpretation of the Secret Teachings concealed within the Rituals, Allegories and Mysteries of all Ages*. The first editions were limited and individually numbered, although recently a popularly-priced black-and-white reduced facsimile has become available. (Philosophical Research Society Press, Los Angeles 27, California. Ninth Edition, 1947, $10).

On a pedestal reading-stand in the library reposes a copy of the original edition, with its breathtaking colour-plates and graceful typography depicting the story of man's intellectual and spiritual heritage. It was to this imposing volume that Marie Bauer's attention was drawn one day in early 1938.

Opposite page 165, Marie encountered a plate that really intrigued her. It was a reproduction of the Droeshout Shakespeare portrait, on which was superimposed a transparency portrait of Francis Bacon. The caption read as follows:

> The portrait of Sir Francis Bacon in the 1640 edition of *The Advancement of Learning*, when superimposed upon that of William Shakspere appearing in the first four folios of the Shaksperian plays, establishes beyond all cavil the identity of the two faces. No important structural dissimilarity can be found between them, the differences in appearance being solely the result of superficial lines of shading, the addition of the hat and beard, and the arrangement of the hair.

The ensuing chapter, entitled *Bacon, Shakspere and the Rosicrucians*, goes on to state that the controversy is not undertaken "for the vain purpose of digging up dead men's bones but rather in the hope that critical analysis may aid in the rediscovery of that knowledge lost to the world since the oracles were silenced." The author proceeds with a brief summary of the arguments, well known to readers of BACONIANA, which render the Stratfordian belief of Shakespearian authorship untenable and establish beyond reasonable doubt Francis Bacon's connection with the immortal works. Numerous interesting illustrations accompany the text. We shall not here

review the Rosicurcian and Masonic aspects of the matter as treated by Mr. Hall, but they are immensely important. In fact, it is this writer's opinion that without an understanding of these implications, the whole subject of the Shakespeare mystery loses much of its significance. It is perhaps due to a lack of emphasis on this phase of the question that the Baconian case has failed to convince a prejudiced and skeptical world. In this connection the reader is referred to numerous articles, pro and con, that have appeared from time to time in past issues of BACONIANA. Also recommended is Mrs. Henry Pott's interesting book, *Francis Bacon and his Secret Society*.

Eagerly devouring every word of Mr. Hall's Shakespearian chapter, the spark that had been ignited in Marie Bauer was rekindled. She turned to other books on the subject which she found on the library shelves. Her agile mind absorbed and digested everything she could acquire on the matter, and within an amazingly short time she was something of an expert on not only Bacon and Shakespeare, but much other Elizabethan literature as well. Convinced that the Shakespeare works were the joint undertaking of a group, she delved into the personal writings of the individuals whom she believed comprised it. These included Ben Jonson, Robert Burton, John Milton, George Herbert, Edmund Spenser, Christopher Marlowe and a number of others. And then came the big discovery.

One day, while browsing through the Elizabethan section, she came upon a comparatively rare book by one of the poets of the period. A collection of illustrations, beneath each of which were several lines of poetry, the volume was titled simply: *Emblemes, Illustrated by George Wither*. Thumbing through the pages, Marie happened upon a portrait which, according to the caption, was that of the author. But before she could even read the lines of verse below, the acrostic "William Shakespeare" became apparent to her "as if written in red letters." She decided that she and the man of Stratford were having a first look at each other.

Wondering if similar anagrams might not also be present in other parts of the book, Marie went to work on it. In the weeks that followed, she deduced the "information" that "under the first brick church in Bruton Parish, Williamsburg, Virginia, lies Francis Bacon's vault." Moreover, she arrived at certain precise conclusions concerning the size, depth and contents of the vault. Among the contents are, allegedly, the original Shakespeare manuscripts, King James Bible manuscripts, certain unpublished Baconian writings, Tudor birth records, and esoteric Masonic documents.

All of these details do not seem to have come directly from the Wither book, although she states that it contains "verifications" of them. Somehow a man named Cunningham appears to have entered the picture here. (The name doubtless will have appeal for those alert to *double entendre*.) Cunningham's position in the situation has never been entirely clear to me, and since he is now dead, I suppose we shall never know all the details. His character seems to have been not above reproach, causing Marie considerable aggravation, financial

and otherwise. But it is inferred he did transmit some information which was helpful in fitting together pieces of the puzzle.

Convinced she was on the track of something important, Marie subsequently journeyed to Williamsburg in quest of Bruton Vault. She arrived there on May 29, 1938. The events that transpired during the several months of her stay in Williamsburg should be well known to readers of BACONIANA. She wrote and published them under the title *Foundations Unearthed*, which booklet was reviewed in the July, 1941 issue of BACONIANA and has been mentioned more recently in January and July, 1950. Perhaps over the years there have been other references to the matter which I may have overlooked. In any case, it is not intrinsic to this article that the story be recounted in its entirety. Suffice it to say that although the vault never was found, there is evidence that Marie's caims were not altogether invalid.

Before discussing certain aspects of the case, let us devote our attention briefly to the matter of Marie's "code." The method she employs in "deciphering" the Wither book and other material from which she has extracted alleged data is not at all orthodox. One encounters great difficulty in following it logically. Indeed, she claims that strict adherence to the rules of mechanical code and cipher will get one nowhere in this case. Rather, she says, the code is broken by a *psychological* key. Off-hand, this would seem to be merely a convenient excuse for taking extreme liberties, for it does appear at times that she alters the rules to obtain letters needed to "verify" certain data. This she denies, contending that there are very definite rules, but that their application depends on certain psychological insight.

If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, we can only conclude that the code is valid, for with it she was able to calculate *in advance* certain measurements and dimensions with considerable accuracy.

The first attempt to dig for the vault, undertaken beneath the floor of the present church tower, did not bear fruit. Undaunted, Marie attributed the failure to a belief that they had dug in the wrong place. This she based on the opinion that original Bruton ("the first brick church") had been located at a different site from that of the present edifice.

From inscriptions on tombstones in the churchyard, some of which seemed to bear typographical and emblematical resemblance to portions of the Wither book, she gleaned additional information. With anagrams and acrostics she arrived at the conclusion that the centre of the old church tower is 62 feet west and 99 feet northwest of the centre of the present church tower; further, that old Bruton's foundations are 66 feet long by 29 feet wide; finally, that the centre of the old tower is 1,711 feet east of William and Mary College.

With the aid of a local surveyor, the area of her calculations was staked out and excavation was begun along the alleged baselines. At less than three feet depth brick was struck and *the foundations appeared exactly along the lines of her calculations*!

Permission to dig beneath the old tower was now denied, on the weak excuse that the consecrated ground of human graves was being violated.

Marie realized she would have to produce more conclusive proof that the vault actually existed, before further excavation would be allowed. So she contacted Hans Lundberg, Inc., of Toronto, Canada, an engineering firm which has developed instruments for the detection of bodies of metal in the ground. The Lundberg concern is frequently employed by mining interests to trace the direction and depth of veins of ore, etc. Marie succeeded in arousing the interest of Mr. Lundberg himself, who sent a representative to Williamsburg to conduct a probe. The representative, Mr. Mark Malamphy, carried on his field work November 1 through 4, 1938. He worked under the observation of the church vestry, officials of the Rockefeller Restoration, the city administration of Williamsburg, students and faculty of William and Mary College, and many local residents.

According to *Foundations Unearthed* a complete record was made of the proceedings and findings, including graphs and charts indicating "the undeniable recordings of impartial scientific instruments," and "the tests disclosed a complete verification of my calculations concerning the size, depth and location of the vault." She goes on to quote from the engineer's report: "At a depth of from sixteen to twenty feet, about ten feet square, *centred exactly where the* 1,711 *line east of William and Mary crosses the old foundations*, lies a body partially filled and much larger than an ordinary tomb."

In the face of Mr. Malamphy's scientific findings, the vestry could not very well refuse permission to excavate. During the next day and a half, digging proceeded to a depth of about nine feet. Then abruptly orders were given to the diggers to discontinue, and to fill everything in that same night, because it constituted "a safety hazard to tourists" No more plausible explanation was given. A statement was published by the vestry that this last excavation was "the final one for which permission will ever be given."

Now of course the question immediately arises: Why this ostensible opposition to digging for the vault? Much has been made of the Rockefellers' part in the drama, and indeed, suspicion does seem to point in their direction. But it is difficult to ascertain the motives that might underlie their apparent attitude. One can speculate to fantastic lengths if one is so inclined, but that is quite a different thing from a theory based on factual evidence. A Rockefeller official reportedly stated, "The finding of old Bruton's foundations was the most unfortunate thing that ever happened to Williamsburg, and should never have been permitted." Why?

When I first heard of this story, I was intrigued and wanted to investigate. As a journalist and lecturer, my interest was objective. It mattered little to me whether Maria Bauer was vindicated or indicted. If there was a story there, I wanted to get to the bottom of it; if there was none, I wanted to know that too.

Several visits with Marie convinced me that she was personally sincere. But I still wanted to check. I needed additional sources of information to substantiate her claims. So I went to work on the case, point by point.

About five years of investigation have convinced me that THERE DEFINITELY IS SOMETHING TO THIS AFFAIR—UNDOUBTEDLY MUCH MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE—though I confess I am no nearer than ever to a solution. However, I do feel qualified to discuss several aspects of the matter. Let us first dispose of some of the details and side issues, in an effort to bare the prime elements of the case.

In *Foundations Unearthed*, Marie makes many statements which are controversial and which, no doubt, should have been indicated as such. By her own admission, she is not a scholar. She lacks the patience for painstaking research. There are different types of mental talents: some minds have a natural bent for detail, for the accumulation of facts and the encyclopedic storing of data, while others are inclined toward integration and emphasis on overall patterns. Marie falls in the latter category. To her it is relatively unimportant whether Sir Nicholas Bacon was Lord High Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. She writes rapidly and entirely from memory, without use of notes or reference material of any kind. Unfortunately, she makes the mistake of assuming that all her readers are similarly constructed, and makes light of the need for accuracy of detail. I have heard her say, "If anyone is so picayunish as to make an issue of such trivia, I have no wish to convince him anyway." What she does not realize, and this I have told her repeatedly, is that those whose only introduction to her is through her booklet are likely to conclude that this woman must be flighty, poorly informed and unreliable.

Be this as it may, those who know Marie well are aware that she is none of these. She is guilty only of stating opinion as though it were fact. To be sure, such a delinquency is serious enough, but if Marie is to be accepted at all it must be forgiven.

Thus we can, if we please, discount her emphatic declarations that Bacon was the first-born son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester; that he was adopted by the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting and that his brother Robert, Earl of Essex, was the son also of the "Virgin" Queen; that Lady Ann gave birth to a stillborn child; that Nathaniel Bacon was the name adopted by one Henry Blount, "a true descendant of Sir Francis Bacon"; that Valentine Andrea was the alias assumed by Bacon after his supposed death in England, etc. Much of this Marie implicitly believes, and there are many who share such opinions in full or in part. After all, these conclusions have been propounded by numerous writers on the Baconian question, and it is from such sources that Marie drew those beliefs which seemed valid to her, just as we are all disposed to do with the theories we encounter. Each of us must decide for himself if the evidence presented seems sufficient to establish a conclusion as fact. And what one person considers "fact" is often believed fantasy by others. Incon-

trovertible proof of past circumstances is rarely obtainable. To the best of my knowledge, none of Marie's historical declarations is without bibiliographical source.

Throughout *Foundations Unearthed* the author makes reference to numerous other of her own works under such titles as *The Birth of a New Age, Book I, Book II*, etc. It should be made clear that these as yet have never been published, although they have enjoyed considerable private circulation in manuscript form. They total approximately ten ponderous volumes. Marie claims that publishers have offered to take the works on condition that certain changes be made, to which she has refused to agree. If necessary financial arrangements can be made, she now plans ultimately to publish them privately.

These works are chiefly philosophical and psychological in nature. Marie claims to have deduced the contents of Bruton Vault, and from them to have developed a system of thought which she calls "The Laws of Life." As I understand it, these are largely Baconian in genesis, but other elements have been added. In Manly Hall's chapter on the Shakespeare controversy, he says, "He who solves its mystery may yet find therein the key to the supposedly lost wisdom of antiquity." Perhaps "The Laws of Life" are that wisdom unlocked.

Marie's work is delineated not only by means of words but by complex mathematical drawings which allegedly have astounded some advanced mathematicians and scientists, although Marie has little background in these fields. The chief appeal of the work in these perilous times is that presumably it offers a means of reconciliation for the hostile factions of the world on every scale, political, individual, philosophical and religious. Reputedly, certain high circles in government and elsewhere are extremely interested.

In 1949 I paid a visit to Williamsburg, for the express purpose of checking as many facts of the case as possible. Although I came away satisfied that by and large Marie's story is absolutely true, I found numerous instances in which minor details were at odds with her description of them. While I have no desire to discredit her by making mountains out of molehills, I feel it only fair that these discrepancies should be pointed out.

On page 37 of *Foundations Unearthed*, Marie states that on her first visit to Bruton Churchyard she discovered, "on the first tombstone near the entrance gate," a stone engraving of the same "coat-of-arms" that reposes on the background of the "Shakespeare portrait" in the Wither book, and that this is the tomb of Nathaniel Bacon the elder. The fact is that some stretching of the imagination is required to identify the two shields. Marie does say that the bars on the shields differ, and that that of the Wither shield is a "bar sinister," denoting illegitimacy. Even this is incorrect, for according to a heraldic manual, what she calls a bar sinister is in truth a chevron. A much more flagrant violation of reality, however, is the statement that the tomb is Nathaniel Bacon's. Actually it is that of a man named John Yuille. Now it may be that Marie believes, for some reason, that this name is an alias of Bacon and that the latter in fact is buried there. If so, it is difficult to explain the presence on

the north wall, inside the church tower, of a slab bearing the familiar Bacon coat-of-arms and the following inscription:

> Here lyeth interred ye body of Nathaniel Bacon Esq. whose descent was from the Ancient House of ye Bacons (one of which was Chancellor Bacon and Lord Verulam) who . . departed this life ye 16 of March 1692 in ye 73 year of his Age.

According to local history, this tombstone was found on Bacon's farm, Kingsmill, on the James River and later removed to the church.

Also on page 37 we find reference to a book by Rev. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton intermittently from 1903 to 1938. Marie does not say which of Rev. Goodwin's books this is (he wrote several) but she claims to have discovered a statement that all records previous to the erection of the present church (1715) had been *torn out* of the vestry books.

Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain copies of all of Rev. Goodwin's histories, but in *The Record of Bruton Parish Church* (Dietz Press, Richmond, Va., 1941) he states that the vestry book was carefully preserved for nearly 175 years, dating from 1674. It was then borrowed by Rev. John C. McCabe who was writing a series of articles on old colonial churches. (His story on Bruton appeared in *The American Church Review* in 1855). Rev. McCabe did not return the book, and his home in Norfolk, where the book was thought to be kept, was destroyed by fire.

It seems unthinkable that Rev. Goodwin would publish two conflicting accounts regarding the fate of the missing records. At the same time, one must admit that either of the purported explanations leaves much to be desired as a plausible clue to what actually became of them.

Next, we are told on page 39 that the legend on the Bland map was signed by a man named Nicolsen, the same name appearing on one of the tombs with coded inscription. I was unable to find any such name on the map. However, I did not see the original, and while we are led to assume that the copies in circulation are authentic and faithful reproductions, there is always the possibility that this detail has been altered. But here again, it would be difficult to determine exactly why.

On page 45 we find mention of the tomb of "Ann Graham." The fact is that the woman's name is Ann Frank, who is buried with her husband, Graham Frank. Thus the inscription states that it is the tomb of Ann and Graham Frank. From this Marie has extracted the names "Ann" and "Graham" because of their similarity to the word *anagram*, and because a Wither book illustration portrays a woman holding a spray of grain (graham) in her hand. (Marie apparently did not realize that the term "graham," applied to wheat flour, originated from the American dietetic reformer, Sylvester Graham, who lived some two centuries after the publication of the Wither book!)

Yet, in spite of the holes thus poked in the case, surprisingly enough it does not collapse like a house of cards. We still have the fact that the old foundations were discovered, and their dimensions predicted accurately. We still have the engineer's report, if it can ever be verified. (*to be concluded*)

SHAKESPEARE AND GRAY'S INN

By C. M. Peniston-Bird

A MOST interesting article appeared in *Graya*, the organ of Gray's Inn, Francis Bacon's ancient home, not long ago, written by Mr. S. Parnell Kerr, relating to the first known production of Shakespeare's early play, *The Comedy of Errors*, in which the author somewhat half-heartedly, it is true, suggests that it was written by the Stratfordian actor and that he was prominent as a performer at its first presentation. On the evidence advanced he may be said to have been entitled to the claim.

The cudgels have been taken up with Mr. Kerr in several particulars by Mr. Sidney Campion, himself a member of Gray's Inn, and also a Baconian, his criticisms shortly due to appear in *Graya*. Having been favoured with a copy of the same it may interest Baconians and others if I outline their arguments pro and con.

Mr. Kerr opens fire by stating, as he says, that "Shakespeare's early play, *The Comedy of Errors*, was performed in the Hall of Gray's Inn on the night of the 28th of December 1594. That is a small grain of fact amid the bushel of fictional chaff which the centuries have heaped round the name of William Shakespeare. It has been accepted," he adds, "as such by many distinguished Shakespearian scholars and I do not propose to cast doubt upon it." He explains that the only authority for the statement is to be found in a pamphlet entitled *Gesta Grayorum*, or the History of the High and Mighty Prince, Henry, Prince of Purpoole, "a copy of which is in possession of the Inn." It gives a detailed account of merry revels held at the Inn during the Christmas Season of 1594, and was published nearly 100 years later.

There seems no reason to dispute the accuracy of *Gesta Grayorum*, but there are a few additional aspects contained in it which may justly be considered. The Christmas Revels had been omitted for the previous three years or more, and in 1594, the students resolved to give the world "something out of the common," says the *Gesta*. Francis Bacon was called in "to recover the lost honour of the Inn." Predominating over all was the Masque entitled *The Order of the Helmet or the Prince of Purpoole*, written and produced by Francis Bacon, who ruled as the Master of Revels. It was followed by an entirely new and unknown play entitled, as it says, A Comedy of Errors, *like to Plautus, his Menechmus*. This play (note *A* Comedy, not *The* Comedy as later) was not accorded any authorship at all. I feel that Mr. Dodd is fully justified, in the circumstances, in view of the fact that the Masque was admittedly Bacon's work, to claim that "since this comedy was heard and acted for the first time in Gray's Inn on 28th December 1594, under the direct mastership of the author of *The Prince of Purpoole*, it constitutes strong *prima facie* evidence

that it was the very "Invention and Conceit" of Francis Bacon. I think the unbiased reader may agree with this very logical argument.

Spedding, Bacon's biographer, says that the dancing and revels were concluded with *A Comedy of Errors*, which was "played by the players" and was "Shakespeare's Play as I suppose it was" (*Life*, p.237). On this evidence it cannot be claimed as "Shakespeare's early play," as Mr. Kerr assumes, if he means thereby the Stratfordian Shaksper, the actor.

On the opening night of *The Prince of Purpoole* there was such a crowd present in the body of the Hall we are told, that the performers could not struggle on to the stage, and it ended amid good-humoured confusion and congestion, or, as Mr. Kerr puts it, "continued in nothing but confusion and Errors." The play itself, described as "Nothing of any Account," was actually the "Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare." But it was not credited to Shakespeare although Mr. Kerr maintains, "There is no doubt about this. Not only is the title correctly given, but the reference to 'Plautus, his Menechmus,' clinches the matter, for the *Menechmi* of Plautus turns upon the same plot as Shakespeare's play, namely, mistaken identity in the case of twin brothers." This puzzles him greatly, as a Shakespearian. How could the young Shakespeare become acquainted with the plot of the "Menechmi" seeing that it had not been published in English in 1594? He indulges in many Stratfordian visions, such as that he might have been a country schoolmaster and worked from the Latin original. He shakes his head sadly in doubt. "This is, indeed, a bow at a venture," he opines, "There is no evidence that Shakespeare was ever a schoolmaster, any more than (*pace* Sir Duff Cooper) that he was once a soldier in the Low countries."

Here Mr. Campion comes to the rescue.

"Mr. Parnell Kerr is puzzled as to how 'young Shakespeare not long out of Stratford-on-Avon became acquainted with the plot of the Menechmi of Plautus' which the comedy of The Comedy of Errors so closely follows, since no translation existed at the date the play was performed at Gray's Inn, *viz.* 28th December, 1594, or, as stated in *Gesta Grayorum*, Innocents' Day, at night. It would not have been necessary for anybody to translate the Latin play for the benefit of Shakespeare. He was thoroughly familiar with Latin works in 1594. In this year the 'base and common fellow', (if, indeed, the player were the author of the plays and poems) published *The Rape of Lucrece*, derived from the untranslated *Fasti* of Ovid, dedicating it with his 'love without end' to Lord Southampton. It is amazing that a player should have been on terms of such familiarity with one of the highest noblemen when one considers the rigid social barriers which existed between the classes." So degraded were the players, and so were their theatres also reckoned, that no public playhouses had been allowed within the city walls, until, it might be added, the Earl of Leicester formed a company, of his "servants," in order to amuse the Queen.

Mr. Campion continues: "It is no less startling to find the player

enjoying the literature of ancient Rome than it is to observe how quickly and completely he had thrown off his crude native dialect, gathered an enormous vocabulary which he had extended by coining many words from Latin, French and Italian, thus enabling him to write 'the speech of the gods.' This he did from the very first line of *Venus and Adonis* which had been published as 'the first heir of my invention' and dedicated to Southampton in 1593. Two Italian lines from *Ovid's Amores* are prefixed to the poem. They show that Shakespeare was proud of his achievement and that, even as a beginner, he despised 'the vulgar'."

Now we come to Mr. Kerr's next point which at the outset seems more difficult to explain. "Who were the Base and Common Fellows" who were paid for their performance in question, as per the Accounts preserved at the Record Office, in these words:

> To Willm Kempe Willm Shakespeare and Richard Burbage seruants to the Lord Chamb'leyne upon the Councelle's warr*t* dated at Whitehall XV*th*. Martii 1594, for twoe severall comeddies of esterludes shewed by them before har Mat*ie* in xp'mas tyme laste paste viz*d* upon St. Stephen's Daye and Innocentes Daye xiij*l* vj*s* viij*d* and by waye of her Maties Rewarde vj*l*, xiij*s* iiij*d* in all xx*li*. (£22).

On the foregoing Mr. Parnell Kerr justly assumes that Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's Company of Players at the end of 1594, and was not only a member but a leading member, since he is mentioned with Kempe, a comedian, and Burbage, the Henry Irving of his time, as receiver of fees for the theatrical company. He emphasizes that no record exists of any of the Shakespeare Plays having been performed by any other company than the Lord Chamberlain's, later called the King's Men. But here arises a puzzle. If, as the account states, they were playing before the Queen at Court on Innocent's Day, as the Account states, how were they able to perform at Gray's Inn the same night? The Shakespearians have always found this an obstacle because Royal performances were always in the evening and the players could not be in two places at once.

Mr. Campion has an explanation of the Accounts: "I suggest," he writes, that "the Accounts (particularly the inclusion of this item) be examined by an expert. The entry quoted reads like a forgery. The spelling is so exaggerated that suspicion is at once aroused. The temptation to overdo spelling helped to bring about the exposure of the innumerable forgeries of Payne Collier. This entry in the Accounts curiously resembles the work of this forger. The temptation to bring in the name of Shakespeare was irresistible. Peter Cunningham (1816-1869) inserted several entries in the Accounts of the Revels which were preserved at that time in the Audit Office. Curiously enough, one of his forged entries reads: 'On Inocents night the plaie of Errors Shaxberd.' This is entered as having been given by 'His Maiesties plaiers' in 1604. Peter Cunningham was a friend of Payne Collier. The Revel's Accounts were for a time retained in Cunningham's possession."

Another point occurs to me. The payments made, *viz.* £20 for two performances sounds fantastic for those days. Compare this amount with the 40s. paid by Sir Giles Merrick in 1600, according to Bacon's subsequent *Declaration*, to induce a company of players to perform Richard II specially. When interviewed by Merrick, who wanted a special performance of that play the following day, the principals concerned said they would have a loss playing it so "there was 40s. extraordinary given to play and so thereupon played it was." The 40s. was given to Augustine Phillips, a notable actor of the period, another present was Field, and a third was Henslowe, who directed the Curtain Theatre. If in an instance where a special payment had to be made to entice an unwilling company, who were satisfied with 40s., a fact verified by Bacon officially, how could such a vast sum of £20 be reconciled with it? The entry in the Accounts of March 1594 should certainly be investigated by an expert, for it reeks of forgery.

One more point may be debated with Mr. Kerr. He mentions, doubtless with knowledge, that when a play was performed in the Hall of an Inn of Court, it was staged at the lower end which would give the players convenient entrances and exits to and from the kitchens. The dais at the top of the hall would be reserved for the Benchers and "Worshipful Personages." Such, however, was not the case in the performance of "A Comedy of Errors" at Gray's Inn on this particular occasion. From the *Gesta Grayorum* the Prince of Purpoole took his place "upon the throne" while below the dais was a table for his Counsel. Further, the "Sorcerer or Conjuror . . caused the stage to be reared to the top of the house to increase Expectation." When the players arrived after the tumult had subsided they would find a stage ready for them at the top of the hall.

It may not have occurred to Mr. Kerr, replies Mr. Campion, that the "Sorcerer or Conjuror" who had caused a stage to be built, and "scaffolds to be reared to the top of the house to increase expectation," and who "foisted a company of base and common fellows to make up our disorders with a play of Errors and Confusions" was probably Francis Bacon himself. The defence of the "Sorcerer" was that "those things which they all saw and perceived sensibly to be done, and actually performed, were nothing else but vain illusions, fancies, dreams, and enchantments." Was not this the "Prospero," who, about this time wrote the enchanting *Midsummer Night's Dream*?

DID FRANCIS BACON DIE IN 1626 ?

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

MUCH interest has been caused in regard to the mystery of Francis Bacon's alleged death in 1626, for there exists considerable evidence to the contrary. Things are not always what they seem to be and this is especially the case with the authenticity of history when frequently there were strong reasons for suppressing certain facts. It may appear that there were strong personal reasons which caused Bacon to stage a pretence death and that he was assisted thereto by many individuals in the know.

The article in BACONIANA (No. 136, Summer Issue), by M. Pierre Henrion has re-awakened new interest in the problem. He discovered a copy of the famous work, the *Cryptomanytices* of Gustavus Selenus, attributed to the Duke Augustus of Brunswick and Luneberg, bearing the date of 1624, but peculiar inasmuch as that the portrait of the frontispiece ostensibly of the Duke Augustus upon close examination revealed a composite face divided down the centre of the features. As. M. Henrion described it, "if both halves of the face in the portait are hidden successively, we see on one side a powerful square face of Teutonic build, and on the other side a very old man with a long tired face", who closely resembled the later portrait of Bacon, printed in BACONIANA alongside it for comparison.

The copy of this rare edition was discovered by M. Henrion, quite by chance in the Bibliothéque Nationale, Paris. Nor did the mystery end there. This composite figure in his jacket revealed that trick used by the secret society of initiates as a clue to give information which the instructed would recognise. The front view of the doublet displays the back and front view of the left shoulder, exactly after the manner of the Droeshout disguised portrait of Shakespeare on the title page of the 1623 Folio of the Plays, and used in at least one other instance.

Nor was this the only indication of a special motive. The lettering in the oval frame round the Gustavus Selenus portrait had been annotated at every 33rd letter or sign, and as all know 33 is the cypher value of Bacon, *viz*. B=2, A=1, C=3, O=14, N=13, total 33; in addition, in the quatrain below the same portrait the words *Pietatis Alumnus Princeps Brunsvvigi*, in Italic Capitals, make 33, by the device of making two letters of the W as VV. Obviously therefore the object of the mystifying signs was to intimate by these symbols that Bacon had taken the leading part in the production of this classic work on cryptography. Its title page apparently conveys the same information pictorially, and was reproduced in BACONIANA No. 136 and 137. It attributes the work to an Abbot Trithemius, and a framed cut on the lower part of the title-page shows two noblemen

in a room, one standing behind the other who is seated at a table writing in a large volume presumably the *magnum opus* itself. The standing figure is undoubtedly the Duke Augustus, who holds an abbot's mitre over the head of the writer. Other cuts on the title-page indicate the Duke handing a precious parcel, presumably the manuscript, into the hands of a soldier carrying a spear, the said soldier in the opposite sketch is then seen galloping to a harbour and blowing his horn to attract attention, having the parcel strapped behind his saddle. The top cut indicates a boatload leaving harbour, being rowed rapidly out to sea doubtless to a ship, with the soldier aboard.

The conundrum of the Abbot and mitre, together with the figure writing at the table, in view of the indications on the portrait page intimating that Bacon was the real author of the work, is supported in the apparent invented name of Abbot Trimethius. Dr. Speckman, a Dutch mathematical professor, and a keen Baconian, claimed that the name Trimethius was a conglomerate of two words, THIUS and TRIEM. The latter word is an anagram of MITRE, and Thius, by means of the anagrammatic Wheel Cypher, gives us T=B, H=N, I=O, fl=C, S=A, otherwise BACON.

One further point deserves attention before we pass on. An authentic portrait of Duke Augustus, (BACONIANA, No. 137) shows the correct features, looking to our right instead of to the left, and obviously his genuine portrait from which the other was adapted. There is of course no reversal of coat sleeves, no quatrain beneath it to throw out hints, and no markings on the lettering round the portrait itself. A comparison reveals definitely that the faked portrait was copied from this original, that the features were turned to the left to enable Bacon to be shown shaded, the whole intention being to give information to the *cognocenti* that Francis Bacon was the Abbot Trithemius, and that he was the real author of the classic work on Cyphers.

It is more than doubtful whether the date of the Gustavus Selenus, given as 1624 on the title page was the true one, for if the Abbot, over whose head the Duke Augustus was holding a mitre, were Lord St. Albans, he had not yet retired to the Continent. There exists no evidence that Francis Bacon was able to visit the Continent in the later years from his downfall to his official death in 1626. It is true, however, that he was acquainted with the ducal family of Brunswick. In his early political tract "The State of Christendom" (1580) he refers to Duke Julius of Brunswick and his Castle of Wolffenbuttel. of whom Augustus was the grandson. He attended the Court of Wolffenbuttel, and as Mr. Edward Johnson remarks in BACONIANA (No. 135) he probably heard of the liaison of Duke Henry, father of Julius, who had an *affaire* with Lady Eva von Trott, who gave birth to a son, of which the Duchess obtained cognisance, and as it was likely that her life was in jeopardy if she remained at Court, it was given out that she had died of the plague, whereas she escaped from the Palace in disguise and years after when her coffin was opened it

The Title-Page of Gustavus Selenus

In view of its possible relation to Bacon's life after 1626, (see pp. 79-80) this picture is reproduced again from our last Autumn Number.

Who Was Abbot Trimethius?

This enlargement of the drawing on the title-page of Gustavus Selenus shows more clearly that the Duke of Brunswick is holding a mitre over the head of the writer, presumably Francis Bacon. Duke Augustus did not acquire the title of Brunswick until 1634. The work is dated 1624.

was found empty. Mr. Johnson suggests that Bacon decided to adopt the like method of staging his death in 1626.

The theory of Bacon's fictitious death is not a new subject though little has been heard of it for the last thirty odd years. Parker Woodward and Granville Cuningham, both leading Baconians and well-known authors of that time, devoted much attention to the problem. Parker Woodward traced Bacon's life from 1626 onward, steadily working in retirement at his literary labours, and ascertained that he became at length very short of money. In March 1625 James I died, and with it the pension he had granted to Bacon, being much in arrears, so he was reduced to the unpleasant task of borrowing.

In August 1625, Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, living in Holland with her dethroned husband, she being supported (says Parker Woodward), by a subsidy from England of £12,000 per annum, wrote to Bacon and signed herself, "Your very affectionate friend." All that Bacon's preserved reply records was that she had offered him a "great favour." Had she offered him her hospitality? I cite Parker Woodward at this point:

"Thereupon Bacon put in operation his long contemplated and dramatic scheme. His marriage had been a failure. The young wife had soon tired of the old poet philosopher, her husband, always concentrated upon state affairs or his books:

'Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight,
Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside'(1)

"He decided to carry out his wish to die to the world, 'in St. Alban's habit as he lived' (Rawley's *Resuscitatio*). No man of his day had ever watched over his own health with such intensity and care that Bacon did." (BACONIANA 1917, Vol. 59. p.143)

So he went sick in the autumn of 1625, continues Parker Woodward. His reply to the Queen of Bohemia stated that he was "ill of a dangerous and tedious sickness." In a carefully devised Will, dated Dec. 21st. 1625, published in the presence of his chaplain Rawley, and other servants who signed their names, he directed his Executors to take special care to discharge a debt by bond to Mr. Thomas Meautys, his confidential secretary and close friend. The main effect of the Will "was to make his estate absolutely freed from the priority of the £40,000 fine or Crown debt so that his specialty and simple contract creditors should have all the estate he had available, which eventuated in their getting about 8s. in the £." Presumably Parker Woodward, as a solicitor by profession, had ascertained that his Will enabled his estate to avoid the £40,000 fine imposed on him, though I was under the impression that King James had remitted it previously.

To continue. Having taken other steps to prepare the public for his death by various means, Bacon left Gorhambury for London and stayed at his Gray's Inn Chambers, and the next we hear is that

(1) Sonnet No. XCXXIX. Alfred Dodd, in his *Sonnet Diary*, attributes it to the bitterness of non-recognition, but the words seem to bear Parker Woodward's interpretation as more appropriate.

at the beginning of April 1626, he "casually repaired" (Rawley), to the Earl of Arundel's house at Highgate, a country seat on high ground. He knew it well. At the time of his visit the Earl was a prisoner in the Tower and a caretaker was in charge. Arundel had been a ward of the Earl of Essex, was a great friend of the Queen of Bohemia, and of Francis Bacon, had educated his family in Holland, and was a patron of the fine arts. These details all have a bearing on after events.

All the world knows Aubrey's story, on the authority of Hobbes, of how Bacon and "Dr. Willeybourne", the King's physician, (Sir John Wedderburn), took a coach drive to Highgate in the snow and stopped to stuff snow into a newly killed fowl, whereby Bacon caught a chill and was two or three days at Highgate House before he died. This legend has been ridiculed.(2) Various accounts were published later of his alleged death.

Montagu, in his *Life of Sir Julius Caesar*, says that Bacon died in Caesar's arms, and that he was sent for to Highgate House when Bacon was taken ill. Lloyd, however, in his *Life of Sir Julius Caesar* says that Bacon "perceiving his dissolution to approach, made his last bed in effect in the house of Sir Julius." Contradictorilly as it might seem, the same writer in his Life of Bacon in *Statesmen and Favourites*, states that he died at Lord Arundell's house in Highgate. An interesting sidelight is thrown on this mystery in Stephen's collection of Bacon's letters printed in Sir Tobie Matthew's Collection, giving an account of his "illness", according to which Bacon *nearly lost* his life in an experiment in the "induration of a body", that is a hardening or stiffening. Rawley says that he died in the early morn of April 9th, Easter Sunday. Parker Woodward, piecing the fragments together, gives the following explanation of what he believed occurred:

"We can expect that Bacon's body was indurated, that is to say, was put under an opiate, which proved nearly too much for him. That he was shown to the simple caretaker on the early morning of April 9th, as seemingly dead in Caesar's arms; that he was carried away in a rough coffin (shell), nearly dying on the journey, and taken to Caesar's house (he owned one near St. Catherine's dock on the Thames) where Francis was suitably restored. That dressed in the habit of a French friar he sailed abroad, doubtless to Holland. His close friend, Sir Thomas Meautys, would be concerned in the proceedings and he would spread about the allegation that the Viscount was dead."

Parker Woodward's explanation sounds more probable than that of my friend Mrs. Prescott's, as given in her interesting book, *The Reminiscences of a Baconian*. She tells us that when the late Dr. Prescott was in London he managed to purchase a Spanish Emblem

(2) "We are asked to believe that the great philosopher Francis Bacon, who in his youth took all knowledge as his province, had reached the age of sixty-six without knowing anything about Refrigeration." (Edward D. Johnson, *Baconiana*, No. 135, p.106).

Book, of which one illustration represents a bearded figure dressed in the cap, gown, and apron of a serving maid. The text starts, "Soy, Hic, Hacc, Hog," recalling the scene in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "Hang Hog is latten for Bacon." Mrs. Prescott states that Doctor Prescott decoded a cypher statement that Bacon escaped from England dressed as the serving maid of Lady Delamere (p. 94). It is possible of course but if so he must assuredly have shaved clean for the occasion and taken steps to conceal his notable features.

Lloyd, in his *Life*, says that he died in the house of Sir Julius, as he might justly have been said to have done since there he finally cast off his mortal coil as Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans. He also makes the invidious assertion that "though this peerless Lord is much admired by Englishmen, yet he is more valued by strangers," which might have had a double meaning. He continues, "Sir Julius Caesar looking upon him as a burden in his family, and the Lord Brooke denying him a bottle of small beer." Cuningham, in citing this passage, observes, "There is little to wonder at if Bacon did—as I suppose—find a way out on the occasion of his visit to Highgate." If I might hazard a theory it is that Bacon was staying with Sir Julius Caesar, a renowned physician, was absolutely at the end of his tether, had the invitation to go to Holland, and put his proposal to invent a death as was planned and carried out.

The remarkable fact remains that there is no record of any funeral or any entry in the Register at St. Alban's of the burial of the Lord Chancellor, as he was by title yet, and that all the registers of St. Michael's mysteriously disappeared previous to 1643. Rawley, who only published his *Life* in 1657, thirty-one years later, says not one word about it, nor did other writers of the period. Considering that he had been Counsel to the Burgh in 1612, Recorder in 1613, High Steward in 1616, and three times elected Member of Parliament for the City, the silence is astonishing. It certainly opposes any suggestion of his death at that period.

Much has been written about the empty tomb when it was opened, and even his monument seated in a chair erected by Sir Thomas Meautys adds to the mystery. He is shown in a lifelike pose, seated in his chair with a Latin epitaph written by Sir Henry Wotton, another close friend, and instead of the customary "*Hic Jacet*," is the strange expression, "*Sic Sedebat*," "thus he used to sit." Another significant inscription reads, "*Naturae decretum explevit, composita solvantur*," a strange text for one dead: "He fulfilled the decree of Nature. Let the compounds be dissolved." Very careful was the composer to avoid the word "death." Equally strange is it that Archbishop Tenison of Canterbury, one of the Initiated, in his work *Baconiana* of 1679, translated "let the *compounds* be *dissolved*" as "Let the *Companions* be *Parted*." Perhaps that was the hidden meaning—that Bacon had parted from his former companions but was not dead.

Another factor we must not ignore was the apparent indifference of the world and even his close friends to the death of this great and

outstanding man of the age. The *States Calendar* reports indifferently, "Lord St. Albans died yesterday," Sir Benjamin Rudyard from Whitehall, wrote to Sir Francis Nethersole, and says casually, "My Lo. St. Albans is dead, so is Sir Thomas Crompton." Most surprising is that his devoted Secretary Sir Thomas Meautys, writing to his cousin Lady Jane Bacon, wife of Sir Nathaniel Bacon, on private matters and adds a postcript, "Your brother went for the Low Countries yesterday with hope to return some six weeks hence. His Lady remains with my Lady Sussex. My Lo. St. Albans is dead and buried." It might have been a nobody! These casual references appear to represent some secret cypher.

One other similar blind occurred when a short while after, Rawley collected a number of Bacon's admirers and friends who wrote Latin epitaphs published in *Manes Verulamiani*. Nearly all are penned with double meanings, like that of Ockley, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who wrote, "He is gone, he is gone! it sufficeth for my woe to have uttered this: I have not said he is dead: what need is there now of black raiment?" Also Thomas Randolph, of Trinity: "Thus the new-born Phoenix regards the ashes from which it springs and the bloom of youth returns to the aged Æson." Another opines, "Once more, go forth, happy soul, the foundations of your prison being utterly destroyed." All these, and others too, could well apply to Bacon who had not died in the flesh but had gone elsewhere for good and all.

Now we reach the advent of his future life, able to devote himself to his ideals, freed from the crippling miseries of an ungrateful homeland, and welcomed amid those who realised his genius. How true the saying that no man is a prophet in his own country!

(to be continued)

ALICE BARNHAM: THE WIFE OF FRANCIS BACON

By R. L. Eagle

IN the Editor's article on "Francis Bacon and Trithemius" (Autumn 1950, p.245), he writes:

> "Did he (Bacon) die at the supposed date in April 1626? There is considerable and accumulating evidence that such was not the case. Even his wife's—Alice Barnham—second marriage, according to Dodd was a deliberate blind, and she never lived with her husband. She died soon after."

If he did not die in April 1626, then Alice Barnham certainly committed bigamy. This offence was punishable by death. She was well and truly married to her gentleman-usher, John Underhill, within a fortnight of Bacon's death. The marriage was satisfactory for a time, but it ended in unhappiness and *judicial* separation in 1639, on account of Underhill's jealousy of Robert Turrell—one of her household.

She then went to live with her niece, the heiress of Sir John Constable, at Eyeworth in Bedfordshire. This was the country home of the Barnham family. Her death occurred on 9th July, 1650, and she was buried in the chancel of Eyeworth church.

Why then, did Mr. Dodd make such statements? It seems to me that this is one of those instances where, if the facts do not fit in with the desired theories, then so much the worse for the facts. It may be that he was, in turn, misled by some previous writer.

Alice was only fourteen when she married Sir Francis Bacon in May 1606. He was then forty-five. She was the daughter of a wealthy alderman and Cheapside merchant. She inherited her mother's violent temper, and she was extravagant in her love of finery. She was married in cloth of silver with gold ornaments. It was inevitable that a marriage between such a girl of fourteen—a mere child—and the K.C., philosopher and poet, about to become Solicitor General, who could have had little time for domestic life, was doomed to failure.

Soon after the death of Alice's father, her mother re-married the rich Sir John Packington. Alice and her sisters resided with the Packingtons in the Strand, and was living there up to the time of her marriage. Rawley tells us that Bacon "treated his wife with much conjugal love and respect," but in May 1616, there is a letter which is printed in Hepworth Dixon's *Personal History of Lord Bacon* from Lady Packington to Bacon saying that she would receive Alice "if she be cast off." To this Bacon returned a reproving reply. It appears, however, that the marriage was not going smoothly.

Spedding's *Life and Letters* (Vol. VII) reprints the Gorhambury cash accounts of 1618. There is an indication here of Lady Bacon's absence from Gorhambury in a reference to a separate household staff,

(*contd. on page* 91)

OF TRUTH

By PARKER WOODWARD

THE few faithful to the claims of Francis, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, to very extensive authorship will be wise to confine effort to ascertaining, rather then proclaiming, the truth of his concealed life and work. To obtain even a moderate acceptance by the general public of the actual achievements of the great poet philosopher is not practical politics.

Mankind on this subject is disdainful and unbelieving but mostly indifferent. The literary pundits are bitterly hostile.

In "My Life of Adventure," A. G. Hales relates, that having, as a press reporter, succeeded in examining a mine alleged to be rich in ore he rode back to the town whose inhabitants were busy buying and selling the shares. "Boys," he shouted: "she is a damn swindle" In vain he waited for the cheers. "I was too young to know that mankind hates truth; that knowledge comes by experience. I got black looks, and hard words as I swung homewards in my saddle, though I had saved a community from being robbed and duped."

Anatole France in his novel, "The Amethyst Ring," shows why mankind prefers falsehood.

"Do you not think?" said M. Leterrier, "that truth contains a power that renders her invincible and sooner or later ensures her final triumph?"

M. Bergeret: "On the contrary, I opine that in the majority of cases truth is likely to fall a victim to the disdains or insults of mankind, and to perish in obscurity . . . Nations live on mythology, monsieur; from legends they draw all the ideas necessary to their existence. They do not need many, and a few simple fables suffice to gild millions of lives."

The Stratford actor authorship myth has become universally accepted. "Please leave us with our illusions, even if they are illusions," say many. Others without investigation will affirm oracularly that Bacon did not write the plays, but they were the work of a combination of writers whose names never will be known at this distance of time. Even many Baconians close up the gates of their minds at various points on the road. Convinced that he wrote the plays, the suggestion that he did not die in 1626 excites vehement opposition.

Bacon seems to have had expectation of the danger of concealment. In his "Essay of Truth," he remarks: "A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, as one would, and the like; but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselves."

Again he remarks:—"but no pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded and where the air is always clear and serene) and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below; so always that the *prospect be with pity*, and not with swelling or pride."

In the "New Atlantis" he described one of the fathers of Solomon's House as "a man of middle stature and age, comely of person, and had an aspect as *if he pitied men*."

Long before he wrote the "New Atlantis," Francis Bacon had begun to look upon himself as a superman, and from that attitude to regard men with pity.

His mind had been developed by intensive culture. He read Latin at an early age with the facility with which a present day University student reads English. His tutors, before he was eighteen, included Paulet for French, Florio for Italian, Dr. Whitgift for Divinity, Gabriel Harvey for Rhetoric and Poetry. Duncombe was his resident tutor while in France with Paulet. Most of these tutors were enthusiastic reformers with regard to the respective subjects they taught.

By the time he was eighteen Francis had been two years in France, mostly at the French Court whether in Paris, Blois, Poictiers or elsewhere. Back in England in 1579 we know from the "Immerito Letters" that he was living either at the English Court, or at the Earl of Leicester's house in the Strand, writing either poetry or masques for the Chapel children to perform at Court, or stage plays for the men-players in the inn yards.

In October, 1580, however, he complained to his guardian Lord Burleigh at being put at Gray's Inn to study the common laws, "forsaking likely success in other studies of more delight, and no less preferment." The following year was devoted by young Francis to travel in France, Italy and Spain.

Returning once more to England he resumed his literary pursuits, particularly the composition of poetry and plays. No one can carefully read Spedding's "Life and Letters of Bacon" without seeing that beyond desiring to be one of the Law Officers of the Crown for the sake of its emoluments, Francis had no interest in the law. Except "serving the Queen in place," that is to say looking after her legal business (as her special private lawyer and counsel), he did not think the ordinary practice of the law "would be admitted for a good account of the poor talent which God hath given me."

The great task to which he had devoted himself was the education of his Age and Nation. When only thirty-one years old he wrote to Burleigh to say he had taken all knowledge for his province. And he was hard at work doing it. Poems, nouvelles, tales, essays, controversies and plays were regularly published from his pen. Yet of himself he was silent. His writings printed before 1597 were anonymous or masked in pen-names or the names of paid assistants. The Queen knew of much of his published literature. He wrote the "Faerie Queene," and the "Arte of English Poesie" at her desire.

She often employed his pen in public writings of satisfaction (as he told Earl Northumberland).

Burleigh also knew. So did Sidney, Walsingham, Vere and Essex. Anthony Bacon knew (see his letter to his mother of April, 1593). Sir Thomas Bodley knew and regretted, but wished Francis success (see his letters.) Tobie Matthew was greatly in his confidence,—in fact, Francis called him his "alter ego." There are indications that Francis rather got beyond himself. The Greeks regarded their deity as dwelling in the clouds round Mount Olympus. The Hebrews were of implicit faith that their God was in the clouds of Mount Sinai. Francis began to regard himself as having God-like qualities, but the clouds in which he enshrouded himself were clouds of ink. In 1598, Hall, the Christian satirist, wrote of Labeo:—

> Gird but the Cynick's helmet on his head
> Cares he for Talus or his flayle of lead?
> Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
> In the black cloud of his thicke vomiture.
> Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame
> When he may shift it to another's name.

"Labeo" was the name of a prominent lawyer of ancient Rome. It is one of the few names, the letters of which by simple count total 33 and by kay count total III—the numerical equivalents of the letters in the word "Bacon."

Marston about the same time attacked Hall for his spite against "Mediocria Firma," which was one of Bacon's mottoes.

In 1612 a book of Emblems, "Minerva Brittanna," was published title-paged to Henry Peacham, who was probably the engraver.

On the front page is an Emblem showing a hand pushed from behind a curtain and writing the words "Mente Videbor." Surely Powell alluded to this in the Attourney's Academy, 1630, when addressing Lord Chancellor Bacon as though still alive, he wrote—

> Oh give me leave to pull the curtain by
> That hides thy worth in such obscurity.

On page 32 of the Emblems of 1612 is a hand from the clouds holding a heavy, and, therefore, shaking speare, the point of which is also in cloud. On page 33 is a portrait of Bacon.

Mr. Smedley has pointed out the Bacon-Shakespeare inference of the first emblem in the Plempii Emblem book of 1616, which is the date of the year the actor died. On the top of a mountain the goddess Fortune is depicted thrusting from it a man in actor's garb, and assisting to the place a man uncommonly like the pictures of Francis Bacon, so far as can be judged from a back view. The text of the Latin words indicates clearly that Bacon was meant.

Francis must have doubted if people would ever understand the significance of the Emblems of which he seems to have been the instigator, and often the designer. He had learnt, too, and said in his "De Augmentis," that people readily pass over the easiest cipher communications.

Was it then, perhaps, that he decided to caricature the errantry upon which he had himself set out, as the gentle Red Cross Knight of his Faerie Queene? Some sixteen years after the publication of that poetical narrative he would seem to have depicted himself as the mad philosopher, the Knight Errant Don Quixote. The name would intend Francis himself. D'on (of one) qui (who) s'ote (hides himself).

The multitude after three hundred years have accepted the mythical and rejected the true.

Emblems are brushed aside. Ciphers are ignored. Mr. Robertson the confuter of Baconian heretics, remarked in his book: "I have drawn the line at ciphers." Truth may be in the Well, but I shall not bother to look. The False has settled on the throne, The only progress to be marked at the present time is in the frequent indications of an uneasy suspicion that Bacon cannot altogether be disassociated from the literary mystery of the Elizabethan Age.

"Mente Videbor":—By my mind I shall be seen:—"What is Truth?" said Jesting Pilate, *and would not stay for an answer*.

(ALICE BARNHAM: *contd. from page* 87)

but without explanation to enable us to know definitely if Bacon and his wife were living apart. According to Dixon, Lady Bacon had an income of £220 per annum (a large sum in those days), and Bacon settled another £500 a year upon his marriage to her.

There is no allusion as to her presence at the celebration of Bacon's 60th Birthday at York House on 22nd January 1560-1. In Bacon's Will of 19th December, 1625, there is reference to a rent which belonged to him, but had been set apart for his wife's better maintenance *"while she lived at her own charge."* Such words can only imply that Bacon and his wife had parted. In a codicil to this Will, Bacon utterly revoked *"for just and great causes"* the provision he had made for his wife. Misconduct with Underhill may have occurred or have been suspected.

Those who wish to know more about the subject will do well to read *The Life of Alice Barnham* by A. Chambers Bunten, published in 1920. Mrs. Bunten was a prominent member of the Society and a most careful and conscientious investigator among unpublished documents.

"DON ADRIANA'S LETTER" CRYPTOGRAPH
THE FIRST HIDDEN SIGNATURE

By "ARDEN"

(In our last issue the author, who is lecturing on this subject in the North to interested young audiences, revealed his discoveries of symmetrical cryptography expansion, used by Bacon in Don Adriana's Letter in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which system was first discovered and explained by Mr. Edward D. Johnson in his pamphlet "Don Adriana's Letter." In this present article "Arden" has further expanded fresh clues or hints to catch the eye of an observant reader to his secret, which Mr. Johnson unravelled as in these words: "The author of this Play is I, F. Bacon." The symmetry of the required letters is perfect and stamps Francis Bacon as the author of *Love's Labour's Lost* without any possible doubt.—EDITOR)

". . . *well proved, wit*!"—(LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST)

PROFESSOR D. S. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A., D.Litt, commenced a lecture on November 2nd, 1937 to the Francis Bacon Society with these words:

"The employment of certain letters of a poem for the purpose of conveying some information, such as a signature, a chronogram, or the like, can be traced back from modern times to fairly high antiquity; such cases usually illustrate the Gospel maxim about the difficulty of serving two masters with equal fidelity. The interests of one have to be sacrificed to those of the other. And it is the manifest text which has to be sacrificed to the secret message, since the latter can only be discovered by the observation of some rule or system to which the manifest text must be accommodated. *Hence in such cases the words of the poem are apt to reveal the presence of cryptic matter by some violation of usage or poverty of sense.*"

The words which I have placed in italics are very much to the point with regard to the Don's Letter, with this proviso: that Bacon also signalled by the aid of double-entendre in the phrasing. The subject matter of the Letter is not so rigidly constrained by the external message as would be the case in a poem. I shall return to this when I deal with the Conclusion.

I wonder how many readers of my first article took the trouble to examine Mr. Johnson's booklet which contains the Table of Letters, in order to try and find any of the signatures attached to that letter B? Or to check on the fact that not only does HOG hang around two of the letters O in Mr. Johnson's Tables but that it is also attached to the third! There was a typographical error in the second of my two examples: the letter G should have

been to the right of the letter O. The third I give now— O G H. This is the O on line 22, column 17.

Again, if all the words SEE are plotted then the keying-group signature BACONE will be seen alongside one of them. Francis Bacon could not have put it more plainly than he did. And the fact that it is cryptographic indicates clearly that authorship is signalled. There would be no point in Bill Shaksper or Shaxper of Stratford putting all the letters of BACONE together alongside the word SEE! I shall return to this signature again but—YOU MUST FIND IT FOR YOURSELVES!

Table 3. SEE THE WIT. BACONE. SET TEN

This shows the presence of the signature BACONE fitting in with the WIT Table of the ENTRANCE. SET TEN is arranged around the letter B. This injunction to Set Ten has many significances, and as is the case with all the cryptography in the Letter it is used time and time again to help the decipherer. There are 10 words WIT, (without the keying word) in the ENTRANCE and 10 guides SEE. I actually did count 10 letters from the letter B when trying to find the first signature. I eventually arrived at the O and the E as signalled by the guides. But, as can be expected, a count of 10 brings in a great deal more. For instance, there is another letter B directly below the first and this is 10 letters by count. There is another form of signature attached to this letter B. (Line 22, col. 19).

It will be seen that I am giving my methods of working to the full. "The glory of God is to hide a thing, and the glory of the King is to find it out," says Bacon time and time again. The one lesson I had to re-learn all the time was to allow the cryptography to come out by itself. Pre-conceived notions led me astray again and again.

The signature BACONE will be familiar to Baconians as the one derived from the cryptographic Sonnet 136 and apart from this one mentioned by Mr. Eagle in his book *New Views for Old* and the fact stated by Mr. Johnson that 50 such signings are on Bacon's correspondence, I know of no other. But it is not surprising that many of the Acrostic Signatures in William Stone Booth's work *Subtle Shining Secrecies* and in Mr. Johnson's *Shakespearian Acrostics* would be rounded off with greater force by the inclusion of the letter E where present. This also applies to Mr. Booth's other work *Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon* where some signatures are keyed by the word NAME. Had the E of "Name" been utilised this word would have been bracketed in a most convincing manner. We do not seem to be able to avoid a significant word like "Name", as will be seen later.

It is interesting to speculate what a new numerical count of 38 will bring! As for the spelling of BACONE (38 by numerical cypher) it is well known that it is anagrammatic for BEACON.

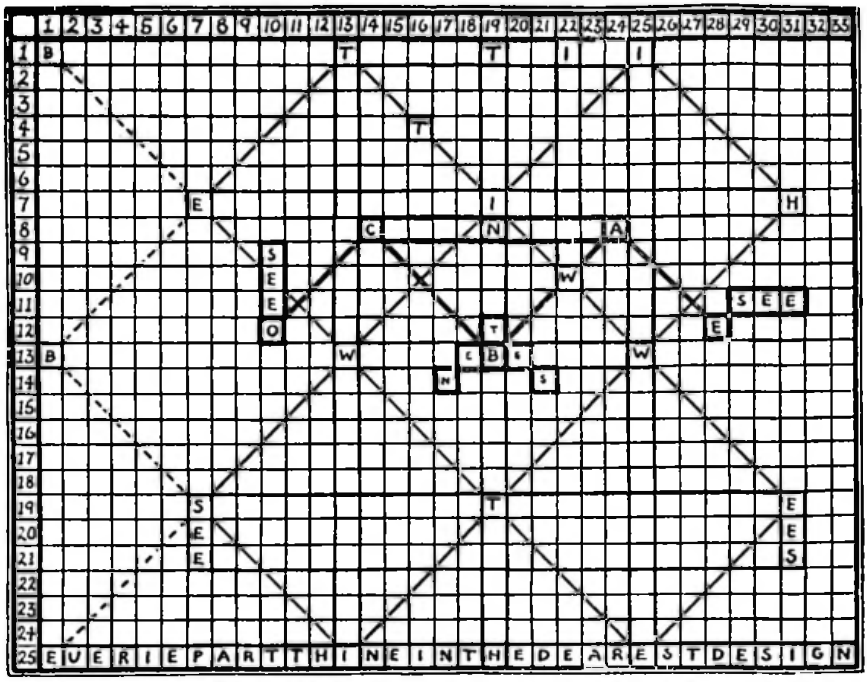

PLATE III

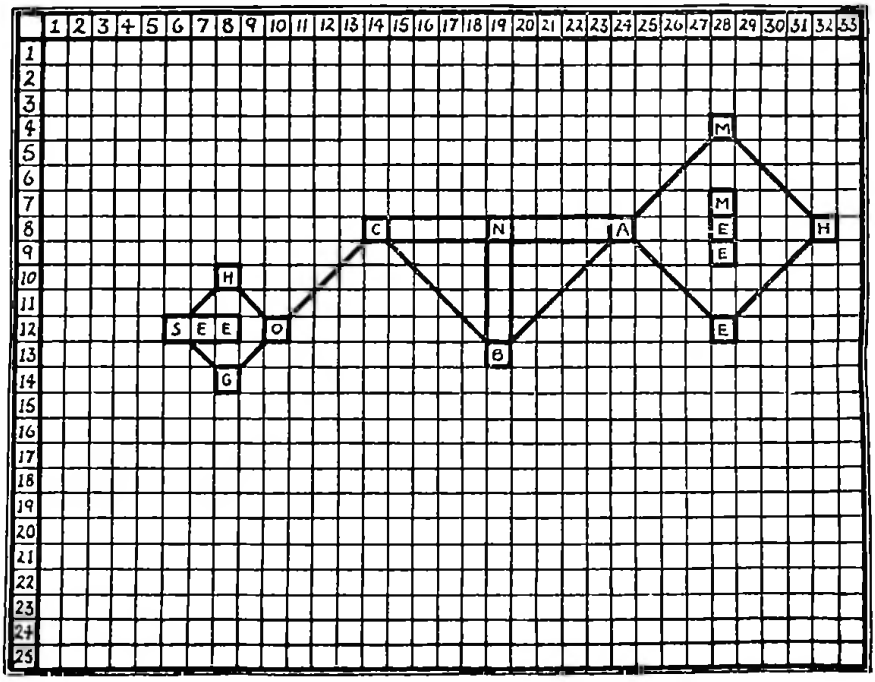

PLATE IV

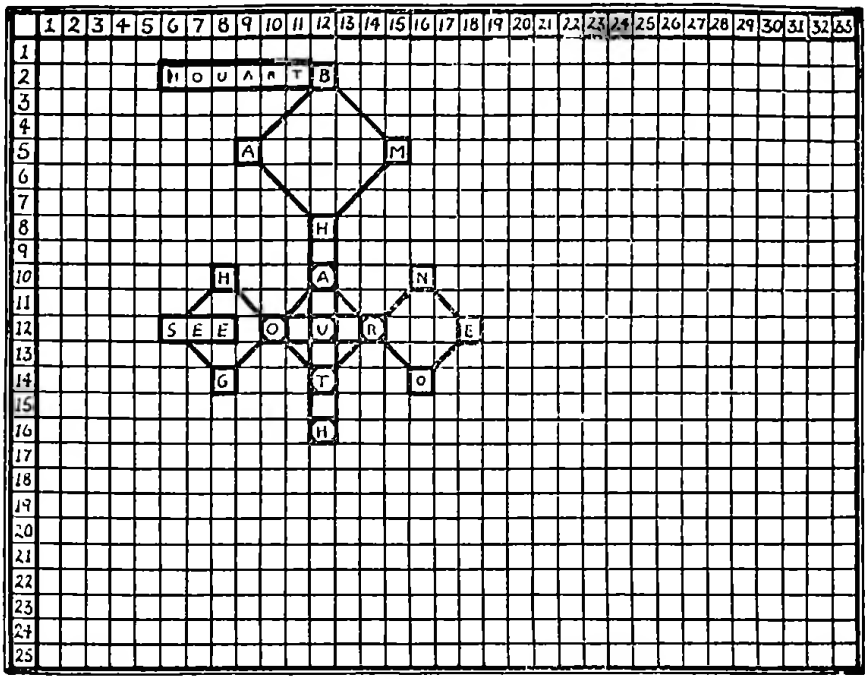

PLATE V

The pronunciation is, I believe the same as Bacon in Elizabethan usage. Bacon was referred to as the Beacon of the State on one occasion I believe. So much for double-entendre. When I found this signature it proved most unexpected, both for spelling and for arrangement, but, there is a marvellous cunning in all this. I notice that the design confirms by comparison one of Mr. Johnson's Tables where a letter lies below the general line, by one square.

I cannot hope to show all the signatures attached to this letter B, but they all have a difference in design and all have a separate purpose. It is sufficient that I try to demonstrate how new patterns bring new information.

Table 4. SEE HOG. BACONE. NAME MEE HAM

On the right can be seen the word NAME formed from the NA-E of the original signature. To complete the symmetry we get NAME and now we understand why the letters of BACONE are so arranged. Completion of the diamond design by the letter H and there is the counter-sign HAM. Down the centre line is M-E-E keyed by MEE in close formation. Hence, NAME MEE HAM.

On the left is the HOG hanging around the letter O of BACONE! The design alters with the guide word SEE and a new pattern begins. Here we see SEE HOG. If those who have the Table of Letters will look closely around this SEE HOG they will find the keying words NAME MEE HAM!

Table 5. SEE ONE AUTHOR. HOG. HAM. B.

This shows the word AUTHOR attached to the O of BACONE. The design is extraordinary. Besides the counter-sign HOG the symmetry is kept by the further punning name SHOAT using some of the letters from the word AUTHOR which is arranged to spell out very simply indeed. The word ONE is keyed by the text and here we are reminded once again of Sonnet 136 from which "One" is derived to complete the signature "Bacone." There might be other authors named "Hog" or "Ham" but here we are told it is ONE AUTHOR and "ONE" surely belongs to BACONE alone! I am greatly tempted to use the word "OUR" which stares us in the face but the keying is doubtful. In any case if Bacon had not used the Elizebethan letter "U" instead of the modern "V" the message would have been less clear. There is evidence for assuming that in this cryptograph Bacon was clearly aware of the changing nature of orthography. Where he can possibly manage it, alternative spelling are allowed for in the designs! As an instance of this the keying of the word AUTHOR is a case in point. For the modern spelling the keying word will be found in front of the letter B at which the design arrives from the counter-sign HAM above the word AUTHOR in the table. In front of this B is the phrase "THOU ART" and not counting the first letter T the anagram for AUTHOR will be seen. On the first line is seen the phrase "THOU ART F." and the repeat is significant as will be seen from later articles. Below the letter B can be seen the following letters AUTEOH, anagram for AUTHOE the Elizabethan version. I am not certain but I think that AUTTHOR is also an Elizabethan spelling. There is no doubt that the word AUTHOR is well keyed from the text! Indeed, there is a plethora of all forms of Author up in that left hand corner of the Letter!

The trend of all this is cumulative and it seems to me to establish overwhelming evidence that Francis Bacon is signalling his authorship in no uncertain manner. The interlocking of the designs is truly astonishing and the decipherer is led on and on to fresh discoveries.

Naturally, there is another signature attached to the letter B. This is in the form of a large diamond pattern and when it is extended according to the rules, ONE OF BACON'S TITLES WILL BE FOUND. I hope to show this in my next article (our Editor being willing) and I have no doubt that it will send our textual experts to their books of reference. Remember the *double-entendres* and the rules.

I have now given three major designs at the risk of springing

these discoveries before they were completed. I should like to appeal to all Baconians who have a doubt about cryptography to try and find the follow-on designs that I am continually indicating.

There is no part of the Letter that has not got its distinctive contributions to make and all the designs interlock with each other. I have a mass of these discoveries (for it is easier to discover names!) and they all obey the rules I indicate. The rules may be tentative, but they are vital and, I think, sufficiently exclusive of chance findings. How about the Francis names attached to the letters F of Mr. Johnson's Tables? For obviously, if BACON can be found why not FRANCIS? Why not FFRANCIS? WHY not ffrauncis? Why not ffrauncisco? *VERB SAP!*

Here may I answer a question which I get quite often at my demonstrations of the Letter. Are these tables to be found in the whole of Shakespeare? The answer is "No." I have tried the other Don Adriana's letter from *Love's Labours Lost* and I cannot see any signatures in that. I have tried a text from an imitation Shakespeare play by Rowe of which I have an original copy, also a text from *The Daily Worker*! There were no results! But, I have found tables in a suspected Bacon work. I shall leave it at that.

The Francis Bacon Society stands for a principle of world-wide importance. Bacon is recognised as the greatest world philosopher, of post-Christian times, who can only be compared with such giants as Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and others, and in many ways ahead of them.

In addition he wrote the Shakespeare Plays as one only of his aims, mainly as a means of teaching history in his own era, of which the then world was profoundly ignorant. He elevated thought and idealism to the highest points.

Those who wish to see justice done to this great Englishman should join the Francis Bacon Society. Please apply to the Hon. Secretary.

"TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL" PERFORMED IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL

By W. G. C. GUNDRY

"What Country, friends, is this?"

WE stepped back three and a half centuries to Candlemas Day, February 2nd, 1601(1) in the Middle Temple Hall on the nights of February 2nd and 3rd, 1951.

On the first night Her Majesty the Queen was present with Princess Margaret and they took supper after the performance with the Masters of the Bench.

It was the good fortune of the present writer to be among the audience with a nephew on the second occasion.

The Hall is an admirable setting for such a play. It was opened by Queen Elizabeth about 1572, and hence the Hall was in 1601 a comparatively new building.

The illusion of being in the seventeenth century was not only suggested by the costumes of the actors but also by those of the musicians who were dressed in contemporary attire.

The play was recorded as being performed in 1601 by Master John Manningham a senior student, or 'Inner Barrister' of the Society in his diary;(2) the players are stated to have been Shakespeare's own Company from the Globe Theatre, it is therefore likely that Shakespeare (or Shaksper) was himself one of the actors. The entry is as follows:—

> "February 2nd: At our Feast we had a play called 'Twelve Night,' or 'What you Will.' Much like the Commedy of Errores or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni* (*Ingannati*). A good practice in it to make the steward believe his Lady Widdowe was in love with him, by counterfeyting a letter from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him beleeve they took him to be mad."

Charles Knight,( ) a lover of Shakespeare, commented on the Middle Temple Hall as follows:—

(1)Old style: the year began on Lady Day, 25th March until an Act of Parliament was passed making the 1st of January the first day of the year in 1752 (Geo. II): it became Law in 1753.

(2)Harl MSS No. 5353, now known as *The Diary of John Manningham*.

(3)This note of Charles Knight, together with other particulars, with the extract from *John Manningham's Diary*, are taken from the programme printed for the occasion with the authority of the Treasurer, His Honour Judge A. Ralph Thomas, and the Masters of the Bench.

"The actual roof under which the happy company of Benchers and Barristers and Students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, is still standing, and we may walk into that stately hall, and think,—here Shakespeare's *'Twelfth Night'* was acted in 1601; . . The Globe has perished, and so has Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakespeare was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play *'Twelfth Night'*."

In the words of our caption one might well have asked on the nights of February 2nd and 3rd not only "what country," but what century we were living in at the moment—the illusion of the past was so complete and realistic that it was hard for the auditors to realise that they were living in the present devastating Twentieth Century! That the old Hall has survived to this day is a matter for thankfulness.

The present writer remembers putting the question during dinner "in Hall" at the Ancient's Table about January, 1939: "This Hall has survived the Great Fire of 1666, and the Great War (1914-1918), I wonder if it will survive the next war?" It did so, though not without damage, for in October, 1940 the beautiful oak minstrel's gallery and screen were wrecked by a German bomb: happily this damage has been repaired during the Treasurership of H.M. the Queen in 1950.

It is unnecessary to describe the play, or its performance; suffice it to say that with Donald Wolfit in the part of Malvolio, supported by an excellent caste it was beyond reproach.

The writer recalls seeing the same play performed about forty years since in the afternoon, with his Mother and a sister, in the Hall on the occasion of a garden party given by the Benchers of the Inn; it has certainly also been represented once since then in the Hall, about 1937 or 1938.

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BEN JONSON AND THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

By MERCURY

DID Ben Jonson know that Bacon was the real author of the Shakespeare Plays and if so what evidence have you to offer in its support? This is a question which we have received from one of our members who says that in an argument with a Stratfordian, he was asked this question and was not able to give a satisfactory reply.

As other members may find themselves in a similar position at one time or another, I have taken it on myself to offer some evidence which I think points the way to the answer. It is not to be expected that Jonson would have given a straight answer to this question because it was a very strict and close secret, the disclosure of which during Bacon's own lifetime would have been highly prejudicial to his political career, and the authority which such a position gave him. Accordingly all evidence to be found in Jonson writings is veiled, but hints are given which when carefully read and compared, seem to me to be little short of an open avowal. In Ben Jonson's plays and masques there are many satirical references which can only apply to Francis Bacon. The most open of these is the character of Valentine, the great traveller in the play of "The Case is Altered." Two of the characters in this play have been identified as skits on Gabriel Harvey and Nashe, Juniper representing the former and Onion the latter (see *Nova Resuscitatio* by Revd. Walter Begley). Another character in the same play, Antonio Balladino, stands for Anthony Munday. Valentine the great traveller seems almost certainly to be a skit on Francis Bacon who is referred to by Dr. Rawley and again by Archbishop Tenison in BACONIANA 1679, as having been a traveller in his youth.

Jonson mentions by name the very places referred to by the author of the Shakespeare plays whom we hope to show later was not William Shaxper of Stratford. The reader is referred to Revd. Walter Begley's Book *Nova Resuscitatio*, Vol. 2, Chapters 7, 8, 9 and 10. In this last mentioned Chapter 10, the identity of Ovid Junior in the "Poetaster" is discussed. In this play Horace undoubtedly stands for Jonson himself, Luscas for Shaksper and Ovid Junior, the young student (son of Ovid senior) who spends his time in writing plays instead of studying the law, is certainly meant for Francis Bacon as a young law student at Gray's Inn. The reader however is recommended to read the play for himself and then read Begley's book. I think any impartial reader of Jonson's play, assisted by Begley's observations and criticisms will come to the conclusion that Jonson knew perfectly well that Bacon was the shadow author of the Shakespeare plays.

We now come to the second piece of evidence that Jonson not only was well aware of the true authorship of the Shakespeare plays

but proclaimed it in print for the observant reader. When the first folio of the Shakespeare plays was published in 1623, just seven years after the demise of William of Stratford, many laudatory poems by very well known literary persons of the day were prefixed to The Great Book. One of the most important, if not the most important elegy was written and signed by Ben Jonson. An extract of some four or five lines is here appended to show the almost extravagant praise attributed to my beloved author. The particular lines referred to read as follows:—

". . . . Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
Sent forth or since did from their ashes come"
etc.

Now compare the remarks of Ben Jonson in his "Timber" or Discoveries (published in 1641) about Shakespeare the Actor and his eulogy on Lord Verulam (F.B.) in the same words as in the above poem.

Ben Jonson in his "Timber" or Discoveries made upon men and matter: as they have flow'd out of his daily readings; or had their reflexe to his peculiar (personal) notion of the Times:—

London 1641

(A) On Shakespeare, page 97 and 98—de Shakespeare Notrato (marginal note)—concerning Sakespeare our Countryman.

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted and to justifie mine own candour (for I lov'd the man and do honour his memorie (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent Phansie, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopp'd, "*sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into these things could not escape laughter: As when he said in the person of Caesar, one speaking to him; Caesar thou dost me wrong. He replied, Caesar did never wrong but with just cause; and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praysed than to be pardoned."

Take note of the extraordinary discrepancies between the poem in the 1623 folio and the above remarks which refer to him merely as an Actor and not as a poet or a dramatist. He is compared to the Roman speaker or orator Haterius, whose flow of words had to be stopped as his tongue ran away with him. It is incomprehensible that, as a poet or dramatist when reciting his own words (written by

him), he should make the ridiculous mistake ascribed to him by Jonson, of making nonsense out of his own verses."

Again note the equivocal remark at the beginning: "The players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing"—here follows a parenthesis which seems to have been inserted by Ben Jonson—*viz.* "(whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out line." Ben Jonson seems to be hinting here by inserting the cryptic phrase "(whatsoever he penn'd)"—meaning—if he ever did pen anything. Jonson's reply is cryptic, he replied "I would he had blotted a thousand." Now mark this—Jonson did not say "blotted out a thousand", which is that the players thought he meant, but he said "blotted a thousand" which hints that he never blotted any lines *because he never wrote any*.

Jonson tells us that he recounts this conversation (possibly entirely fabricated by him), so that posterity might know what they might otherwise be ignorant of, *viz.* that Shaksper of Stratford, the reputed dramatist, never penn'd a line at all. The rest of Jonson's remarks about Shaxper the Actor are for those who can swallow them. It is well established now by even the Stratfordians that Shakpers of Stratford had not an open and free nature nor was he particularly honest: for he was amongst other things a moneylender, and tried to impound the common land in Stratford for his own benefit. However we must leave the Shaksper of Stratford here and see what Ben Jonson has to say of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban. On page 102 of the same book, after running over the various writers and politicians with their qualities and abilities, one finally comes to Lord Bacon of whom he says, as the successor of Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, "but his learned and able (though unfortunate successor) is he who hath filled up all numbers: and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughtie Rome . . . Now things daily fall since (since his death) wits grow downwards and eloquence grows backwards so that he may be named and stand as the marke and acme of our language." Jonson has other things to say about Lord Bacon of an instructive and interesting character. The above eulogy is remarkable as being almost word for word the same as that on the dramatist Shakespeare.

To resume briefly we see that Jonson knew who the real author of Shakespeare was and that he satyrized him in various of his plays and especially as Ovid Junior, the law student, who occupied his time in writing poetry when he should have been studying law—as Valentine the Traveller, another skit on the Shakespeare plays; as Father Outis, a skit on the Tempest, and so on.

We see that Jonson identifies Bacon and Shakespeare by the same eulogy that they may both be compared and preferred to all the literature of ancient Greece and Rome.

Lastly we see that Jonson's opinion of Shaksper the Actor is one of good humoured contempt and ridicule. He even throws out a hint that Shaksper was unlettered and even unable to repeat correctly the lines in Julius Caesar, of which play the man of Stratford was the (reputed) author.

A COMMENTARY ON THE CYPHERS (1)

by A. P. GODFREY

IN any discussion on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, it is now almost a common-place to say that we know nothing about the man Shaksper.

Even after 300 years he still remains the great figure of mystery.

To us Baconians he is something even more obscure, he is complete myth! Unfortunately to many in this country his name and his assumed fame have become such a recognised and deeply entrenched Tradition, that any expressed criticism of this Tradition is "anathema" and its opponents either grossly slandered or mercilessly derided.

In many literary circles there is a complete taboo on the subject. The Baconians know only too well that every scrap of "evidence" cited by Stratfordians is pure conjecture, that their colourful theories have no substance in fact. Yet, despite this, the Shakespearean Trust authorities still permit a gullible public to feast upon a legend which they know to be false in its structure and fraudulent in its conception. One can argue almost *ad infinitum* upon theories concerning Shakespere's birth, his family, his home, his education, his sojourn in London, his association with the theatre, his retirement to Stratford, his death, the interpretation put upon his Will, but does one ever make much headway against the deep-rooted convictions of the prejudiced Stratfordian?

After all is there anything far-fetched or essentially shocking to common sense in the Baconian theory, that Francis Bacon might quite well have been the author of the Plays? Is it contrary to human reasoning that these wonderful compositions were the work of a scholar, a philosopher, a statesman and a profound man of the world? Is not such an idea much more reasonable than to claim that the Plays were the work of a notoriously ill-educated actor, who seems to have found some difficulty in signing his own name—if even that?

Baconians possess two very important trump cards in their attempts to solve this puzzling enigma. They are factual pieces of evidence, unassailable and unanswerable. I refer firstly to the Promus and secondly to the Cyphers which have been discovered in the Plays, in many of Bacon's own works and in the works of other authors.

The *Promus* is, as we know, the private note-book belonging to Bacon. It is now in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. There are over 2,000 entries in the *Promus*, all in Bacon's own hand-writing, as officially confirmed by the British Museum authorities. These 2,000 entries comprises pithy sayings, neatly turned sentences, idiomatic phrases, expressions in various languages, notable excerpts from French, Spanish, Italian and Latin authorities,

(1) A talk given in a Discussion Group meeting.

the greater number of which are *parallel expressions found in the Plays* attributed to Shakespere.

The Cyphers are the outstanding piece of evidence which however much the Stratfordian may wish to discard they completely baffle him. Here I should like to say a few words on Cryptography in general. Cryptography or the art of secret writing has been practised from time immemorial. The Greeks and the Romans are known to have made use of cyphers and codes chiefly for military purposes. The use of ciphers as such became general in the early part of the 16th century. John Trithemius, a Benedictine monk, was the first important writer on cryptography. He was followed by a famous mathematician named Giovanni della Porta; Porta's ciphers were in demand about the middle of the 16th century.

As you know in the Elizabethan Age and the following sixty years, expression of political or religious opinion was an exceedingly dangerous pastime. It was an age of intrigue, plot and counterplot. It became, therefore, a common practice for prominent individuals and members of important families to employ cypher writing for all their secret communications.

Bacon popularised his cyphers, as Baconians realise, first of all in his work published in 1605 *Of The Advancement of Learning*, and amplified it later in his *De Augmentis* of 1623, of 1624 in France, where he described very clearly and exhaustively the method for working out the Bi-literal Cypher.

The Word-Cypher was discovered by Dr. Orville Owen about 1890. The result of his findings were published in his books of 1893 and 1894. Needless to say these publications evoked world-wide interest. The keys and guides and principal directions for working out the Word Cypher were contained in the Bi-literal Cypher.

Mrs. Gallup, who assisted Dr. Owen for many years in the preparation of his books, published her book *The Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon* in 1899. These two great pioneers, by their energy, patience and perseverance, pursued their researches over a period of many years and devoted their leisure to a labour of love, solely and only in the interests of truth.

How does the general public view the Cypher theory? Generally, it is rejected, or at least it is neglected both by scholars and the reading public. Not on the ground of insufficient evidence, but rather on the ground that the very idea of it is too revolutionary, too fantastic. Few take the trouble to examine the Baconian claims or to investigate them. Most of us are servile to the orthodox belief and resent any new light on the subject.

The ordinary man will use this line of argument, namely, that he is asked to believe that the finest and most profound poetry in the world was composed in order to preserve a collection of political happenings and much personal information which the author was too timid to confide to his contemporaries. How does one answer such an argument?

The Cypher both in the Plays and in the other works is not an

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As his birth was a mystery, and also his private life, so was his death. Did he die of a sudden chill on Easter Sunday, 1626? The author skilfully unfolds the tangled skein which leads to the conclusion that it was a sham affair, and that Bacon escaped to the Continent and lived in retirement to an old age under an assumed name. No record of his funeral exists and when his tomb in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, was opened it was empty.

Many other mysteries are revealed, especially the inside story of why he deliberately allowed himself to be dishonoured and ruined in 1621, leaving a stigma which yet attaches to his name.

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illusion, and it is certainly not the invention of any modern literary lunatic! *It is the invention of Bacon himself.* The Cypher can be seen by anyone who will take the trouble to search for it in the First Folio of the Plays, and in the original editions of Bacon's works, and in those of certain works by Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Ben Jonson and Burton.

The Bi-literal Cypher exists *only* in the First Editions of these books, and is to be found *only* in those passages which are printed in italics for that purpose. The Bi-literal Cypher then, is wholly and entirely a matter of typography. It had nothing to do with what was written in the books, but depended entirely and exclusively on the manner in which the author arranged two slightly differing founts of italic type. Long before Mrs. Gallup started on her investigation, quite a number of students of the First Folio had been impressed with the extraordinary number of words and passages, apparently unimportant, which were printed in italics. It was only after much speculative investigation that Mrs. Gallup made the important discovery that these italicised words represented a Cypher. She noticed that the letters were in two founts of type which she described as "A" and "B" founts, distinguished by slight variations either in the design of a letter or by some other peculiarity.

After close practice of deciphering a student will find that his eye becomes educated, and he will have less difficulty in distinguishing many minute differences. These letters are divided into groups of five and according to the arrangement of "A" and "B" founts each letter of the alphabet is assigned. In the course of her twenty-five years' work Mrs. Gallup examined no less than 6,000 pages of original editions.

The innumerable details of historical evidence which Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup revealed through their decipherings, include not only events known to historians, but many additional important details, some of which have since been confirmed and proved to be accurate. Described generally, they are a species of diary, in which the author confides his thoughts, his hopes, his feelings, his secrets, mostly too intimate to be revealed to contemporaries, or the mere hinting of which would have placed his life in jeopardy.

Bacon declares in his cypher over and over again, with almost tedious persistence, that he was not what he appeared to be. He was not as the world supposed, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, but the son of the Queen of England by a private marriage with Leicester, and therefore being Elizabeth's eldest son, the rightful heir to the throne. He was ignorant of his relationship to the Queen till he had reached his sixteenth year when he heard the story hinted at by one of the ladies of the Court.

For political reasons it was necessary to keep this a profound secret, so the child was confided to Anne and Nicholas Bacon to be brought up as their own. To reveal the truth himself, Bacon believed, would be to forfeit his life.

Smarting under a sense of wrong Bacon confided the details of

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* * *

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his life's secret to the safe-keeping of a Cypher, which he wrote into the Plays and other works, trusting that future students would unravel them for the benefit and interest of a future age. The moment the Queen found the boy had discovered his parentage he was sent to France, that was in 1576, in the embassy and under the care of Sir Amyas Paulet, to the Court of Navarre. He did not return from France until the death of his foster father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, in 1579. All this narrative matter is deciphered from the Plays.

The Cypher story then continues with an account of the "absorbing and romantic passion" which Bacon had with probably the most beautiful lady in Europe, the glamourous but extremely fickle "Marguerite of Valois," wife of Henry of Navarre, "La Reine Margot of Romance." How deep was Bacon's passion for this lady, how disturbing to his mind must have been his infatuation, can be gleaned from the very sentimental type of language he uses to express this incident in his life.

Other excerpts from the Cypher refer to the birth of Bacon's brother the Earl of Essex, and many incidents in the life of that very stubborn and flighty gentleman. Bacon takes particular care to set out in full the truth with regard to the Trial of Essex, the part he was forced to take in it and for which history has so abundantly maligned him. Other incidents referred to are detailed happenings at Court, the trial and execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the overwhelming misery which assailed Elizabeth during the last three years of her life, terminating with her death by poisoning at the hands of Robert Cecil.

Nearly all of Dr. Owen's work and many pages of the stories revealed by Mrs. Gallup's deciphering are in classical blank verse. Dr. Owen has produced at least 100,000 words covering 400 pages, all, as I say in the grandest classical blank verse, much of which is remarkable for its beauty and poetic cunning. I give two illustrations:—One is a flattering tribute to Elizabeth whom Bacon describes as: "This peerless nymph in honour of whose name the Muses sing and laud—This mighty Queen Elizabeth." The second one refers to the incident of Elizabeth's interview with the Spanish Ambassador who had been sent by Philip of Spain to demand her hand in marriage, and to share the English throne with him. In her rage at this insulting request she has recourse to one of her most violent outbursts "I will let no man mock me, By my sceptre's awe I make a vow, That I will awake our sleeping sword of war, Against him whose wrongs give edge unto the sword!"

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, "BACONIANA."
Sir,

TRUTH AND FALSE ORTHODOXY

In a school 'history' which I happen to have been reading, appears the following:

> Probably the Elizabethans did not guess that Englishmen would still be proud of Shakespeare and delight in his plays three hundred years after his death, and so less was recorded or handed down about his life than is the case with most great men. We know that he lived on into James I's reign and died in 1616, and that he spent his last 2 years in Stratford, where he bought land and a fine house called New Place.
>
> Shakespeare was one of those men who in the words of a later writer, found the world "so full of a number of things" that he was too busy living to stop and think about his fame after death.

I quote from "The House of History—The Second Story," by Muriel Masefield, M.A. (Oxon.) (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., 1942).

Was there ever made a more abject apology for the flimsiness of the orthodox belief that Will Shakspere the Stratford actor, was the author of the Works of William Shakespeare? In this 'history', it had already been emphasized that William Shakespeare brought more honour to his country than did anyone else, presumably by means of the Plays. Then, the author proceeded to recite some of the very few available facts of the life of Will Shakspeare, which, of course, have no direct bearing on the Plays and do not show him to have been in any way connected with them. Little surprise is it then, that she should find it difficult to harmonize the meanness of the life that these facts portrayed, with the greatness that she had seen in the author of the Plays.

Being a writer of history, and M.A. (Oxon.) to boot, one might have expected the author's critical mind to be dissatisfied with this state of affairs, and to have prompted her to probe deeper in her research, even to the extent of going beyond the pale of orthodoxy, as it would necessarily have to be. But, whether or no she had knowledge of the century-old Bacon—Shakespeare Controversy, she does not mention that the authorship of the Plays is quite a moot point, and that there is a large following of cultivated persons who say, quite definitely, that the claim on behalf of the actor of Stratford cannot be maintained on the ground of any satisfactory evidence.

But, one might perhaps have expected a serious writer of history of the period to have referred to that vital piece of evidence, "The Biliteral Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon" (by E. W. Gallup), first published half a century ago. That important work still stands unassailed today, having withstood the fiercest storms of bitter criticism and vituperation. It is, of course, not orthodox, for it conflicts with orthodoxy's predetermined notions and, so, is unacceptable! Nevertheless, until evidence can be produced to show this work to be false and a mere fabrication, it must be allowed to be true and must be duly considered along with all other evidence. Had our author but consulted it, she would have found it to be unnecessary to look back wistfully to those remiss Elizabethans for fuller records for, here was a veritable mine of information which the Elizabethans did not have, although contemporary with him from whom the information springs. She would have seen that the gulf separating the author of the Plays, William Shakespeare, from Will

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Shakspeare of Stratford, could never be bridged. Here she could have read in his own words, the most definite proofs by Francis Bacon that he was the author of the Works of William Shakespeare; that he used this name as a mask for his authorship of certain of the Plays when published separately; and that, upon the issue of the Folio ("the crowning glory of my pen") in 1623, which was seven years after Will Shakspere's death, he decided on the advice of Ben Jonson, to continue its use. It is significant that the name occurs in the several original editions of the Plays and Folios, about fifty times, and, always, the spelling is SHAKE-SPEARE (sometimes divided by a hyphen) with but three minor modifications of that form, but *never* Shakspere, which was the actual name of the Stratford actor.

It will be seen, then, that the Elizabethans were not so remiss as was thought, for they could not very well record facts which they were not allowed to know or were prevented from recording. But, during that time, through many years, the true "William Shakespeare," in his identity Francis Bacon, was assiduously penning in secret the facts of his own life and the true history of his time, and, with infinite pains was scheming to ensure that what he wrote should be safely transmitted over the years to posterity, using, as his media, the very Plays which orthodoxy endeavours to maintain that he did not write. Francis Bacon did not write for his day: here are his own words—"I look out to the future, not of years, but of ages, knowing that my labours are for the benefit of a land very far off, and after great length of time is past." Again, in his draft will he wrote—"For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages, and to mine own countrymen after some time be past." Francis Bacon repeatedly emphasized the urgent need there was for him to conceal his authorship under a mask and to write secrelty. This may be gleaned from the following extract from that part of his cipher story unfolded in "Two Gentlemen of Verona;;' and there, too, will be sensed the pathos of this very great Englishman's grief at being denied the high station and fame and honour which he knew to be his due;

> "We still stand close at hand (our wishes should wield some power) for the protection rightfully owed to the works, yet it is to be desired that obscurity may wrap them round awhile, perchance until my life of Time may slip untold and unregretted from the earth. And 'tis to posterity I look for honour, far off in time and in place, yet should fame sound her sweet toned trump before me here and at this time; and there is that in midst wondrous dreams maketh such strong protest against the doom of oblivion, it is made most plain to me the hour shall not strike, when England shall honour me, their ill-fated prince, whom all the Destinies combined to curse, and thwart each effort to obtain that title—Prince of Wales—which was in truth many a day rightly my own.
>
> And afterwards my style should justly have been Francis First of England,—and yet of this no words avail. Too late it would be —now that all our witnesses are dead, our certificates destroyed—to bring in a claim to the English throne."

It is time that orthodoxy reviewed its accepted tenets.

Wimbledon Common T. WRIGHT

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50A OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.7.

To the Editor of BACONIANA

BOLINGBROKE AND ESSEX

Sir,

In the article "Who wrote *The Life and Reign of King Henry IV*?" I quoted (p. 17 BACONIANA, New Year No.) some lines from a speech of Richard II (I. iv) which, I pointed out, alluded to Essex under the disguise of Bolingbroke.

If I had quoted two more lines, I should have arrived at:

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench.

There is an anonymous poem written against Raleigh after his fall, and dating presumably at the end of 1603:

Renowned Essex, as he passed the streets,
Would *vail his bonnett to an oyster wife*,
And with a kind of humble congie greet
The vulgar sort that did admire his life:
And now sith he hath spent his liuinge breath,
They will not cease yet to lament his death.

It is clear that this author had read *Richard II*, and had associated Bolingbroke with Essex. The poem is printed in the Poetical Miscellany of the time of James I, edited by J. O. Halliwell for The Percy Society in 1845.

Another enemy of Essex (and in this case Bacon also) was Edward Guilpin (or Gilpin) who matriculated in 1588, and was entered as a pensioner at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1591 he was admitted to Gray's Inn. If we study the speech in *Richard II* to which I have alluded, and afterwards these lines from Satire I of Guilpin's *Skialethia* (1598), the connection between Bolingbroke and Essex is confirmed:

For when great *Foelix* passing through the street,
Vayleth his cap to each one he doth meet,
And when no broome-man that will pray for him,
Shall have lesse truage than his bonnets brim,
Who would not thinke him perfect curtesy?
Or the honny-suckle of humilitie?
The deuill he is as soone: he is the deuill,
Brightly accoustred to bemist his euill:
Like a Swartrutters hose his puffe thoughts swell,
With yeastie ambition: *Signior Machiauell*
Taught him this mumming trick, with curtesie
T'entrench himself in popularitie,
And for a writhen face, and bodies moue,
Be barricadode in the peoples loue.

The line, "Who would not think him perfect curtesie?" is close to Shakespeare's allusion to Bolingbroke's "humble and familiar courtesy." Here again we have the mention of raising his hat and, as in Shakespeare, the hat is called a "bonnet." Guilpin had also studied *Richard II* published in the previous year, and had connected Bolinbroke with Essex. Was his "Signior Machiavell" Francis Bacon, still the friend of Essex in 1597? It is certainly clear that Guilpin disliked Essex and his party.

Yours faithfully,

R. L. EAGLE

To the Editor of BACONIANA,

BACON, BEN JONSON AND THE ROSICRUCIANS

Sir,

Mr. R. L. Eagle raised the question in a recent issue as to whether Ben Jonson knew that Francis Bacon was connected with the Rosicrucians, and if so, why did he, Ben Jonson, throw ridicule upon the Society and consequently on Bacon also, in his various masques and plays.

It is quite clear that Ben Jonson satirised Bacon in epigrams and various plays such as "The Case is Altered" (1598-9), where Juniper stands for Harvey, Onion for Nashe, and Antonio Balladino for Anthony Munday, whilst, according to the late Rev. Walter Begley, Valentine is a skit on Bacon. He is the ubiquitous traveller who has seen Constantinople, Jerusalem, the Goodwin Sands, and the Tower of Babel. Then, in the play "Every Man Out of his Hunour", Bacon is depicted as Puntarvolo, and as Amorphus in "Cynthia's Revels;" again he is satirised in "The Poetaster." But I cannot go through all the Plays, and the curious reader will find enough to satisfy him in Walter Begley's works. Is it Shakespeare and *Nova Resuscitatio*?

Ben Jonson's masques of "News from the New World" and "The Fortunate Isles" are as truly satires on *The Tempest* as on the Rosicrucian whom he mentions by name. Jophiel is a parody on Ariel. Whether Ben Jonson was a member of the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross is not easy to determine, but as he persistently satirised the author of the Shakespearean Plays (Francis Bacon), there does not seem to be any valid reason from his point of view why the Rosicrucians should not come in for his satire. Jonson was a dramatist of the old school and had no sympathy for the new romantic and fairy drama introduced by Shakespeare, even though he knew Francis Bacon to be the author of these particular plays, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*. It is worth while to remind ourselves that Father Outis (Father Nobody) by Simple Numerical Cipher totals 136, just as Bacon-Shakespeare, *viz.* 33 + 103=136. So Jonson must have known perfectly well that in Father Outis he was poking fun at Francis Bacon, both as dramatic author and as suspected head of the Rosicrucians. As all readers know, who have even skimmed over the story of the Rosicrucian movement, that mysterious Fraternity had violent opponents as well as supporters, and it is not surprising that Jonson should have considered the Fraternity to be fantastic. Ben Jonson was, what one might term, a square-headed fellow, without much romance in his make-up.

MERCURY

To the Editor of BACONIANA

BEN JONSON, BRICKLAYER?

Sir,

This Poet and Playwright's Father was a Clergyman. The proper name "Ben Jonson" was that of the Poet's *Step-father*.

According to the "History of the Tylers' and Bricklayers' Company" particulars of registration on the Legal Roll gives the name "Ben Jonson, Citizen and Bricklayer of London," and the date does not agree with what the Poet tells us, "that he was taken from school and put to a trade," from which he ran away, after a short time. Can any reader explain why he who lived with Francis Bacon and was Poet Laureate, should not have his Father's name; and, allow himself to be known as a "Bricklayer"?

WM. AUGUSTUS VAUGHAN

To the Editor of BACONIANA

BEN JONSON AND THE ROSICRUCIANS

Sir,

Reference to Mr. Eagle's correspondence in current issue of BACONIANA relating to "Ben Johnson and the Rosicrucian."

In the first place, to publish such writings concerning the Rosicrucians is apt to be misleading to members of The Bacon Society who are not Roscrucians. And it is certainly displeasing to those members who are students of the Rosicrucians.

And in the second place, such writings as quoted of Ben Johnson discloses lack of understanding of the history and work of the Rosicrucians. It is well known by all Rosicrucians that there is, ever was, very much more than "moonshine" in the teachings of the Rosicrucians and if Ben Jonson assisted F.B. in his literary work he must have known the truth. If Ben Jonson did not, then his knowledge was meagre or he merely wrote disparagingly of the Rosicrucians to satisfy his own intellectual amusement and need not be taken seriously.

But was not F.B. the head of the Rosicrucians in England during his lifetime, and under whose care the Order flourished? Some of his literary co-workers were his emissaries or deputies and surely Ben Johnson must have known this.

However, my fellow member of The Bacon Society appears interested in the work of the Rosicrucians. May I suggest to Mr. Eagle he assist me in seeking the Rosicrucians in their home and if he would write to scribe S.E.C., Amorc Temple, San Jose, California, I am sure they would let him have an interesting informative book without price, called "The Mastery of Life." Meanwhile I enclosed public Inquiry Leaflet, No. 1, which please pass on to my friend Mr. Eagle.

ARTHUR P. CRUMP

Effingham, Surrey.

To the Editor of BACONIANA

SHAKESPEARE'S "BIRTHPLACE"

Sir,

Your paragraph touching the 'birthplace' understates the case against it, in view of the following passage in an essay entitled 'The Heritage of Shakespeare's Birthplace' by Levi Fox, its Director, which appeared in the first volume of *Shakespeare Survey* (1948).

> 'The records do not indicate precisely at which house in Stratford upon Avon William was born. Local tradition alone assigns the western part of the Birthplace property as his birthplace.'

I quoted the passage in a letter published in the *Listener*, with the observation that we were taking about five thousand pounds a year from the only unauthenticated literary shrine in this country. There was no response from Stratford. How could there be? The cat was out of the bag—gratuitously loosened by its keeper!

Further, I advertized in the Personal Column of *The Times* for a champion of the Stratfordian faith. There were only two volunteers, one of whom was Mrs. Helena Normanton, K.C., who debated with me at the City Literary Institute. The other—a secondary school teacher—later intimated that he had fallen from the faith.

London, S.W.4. WM. KENT

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